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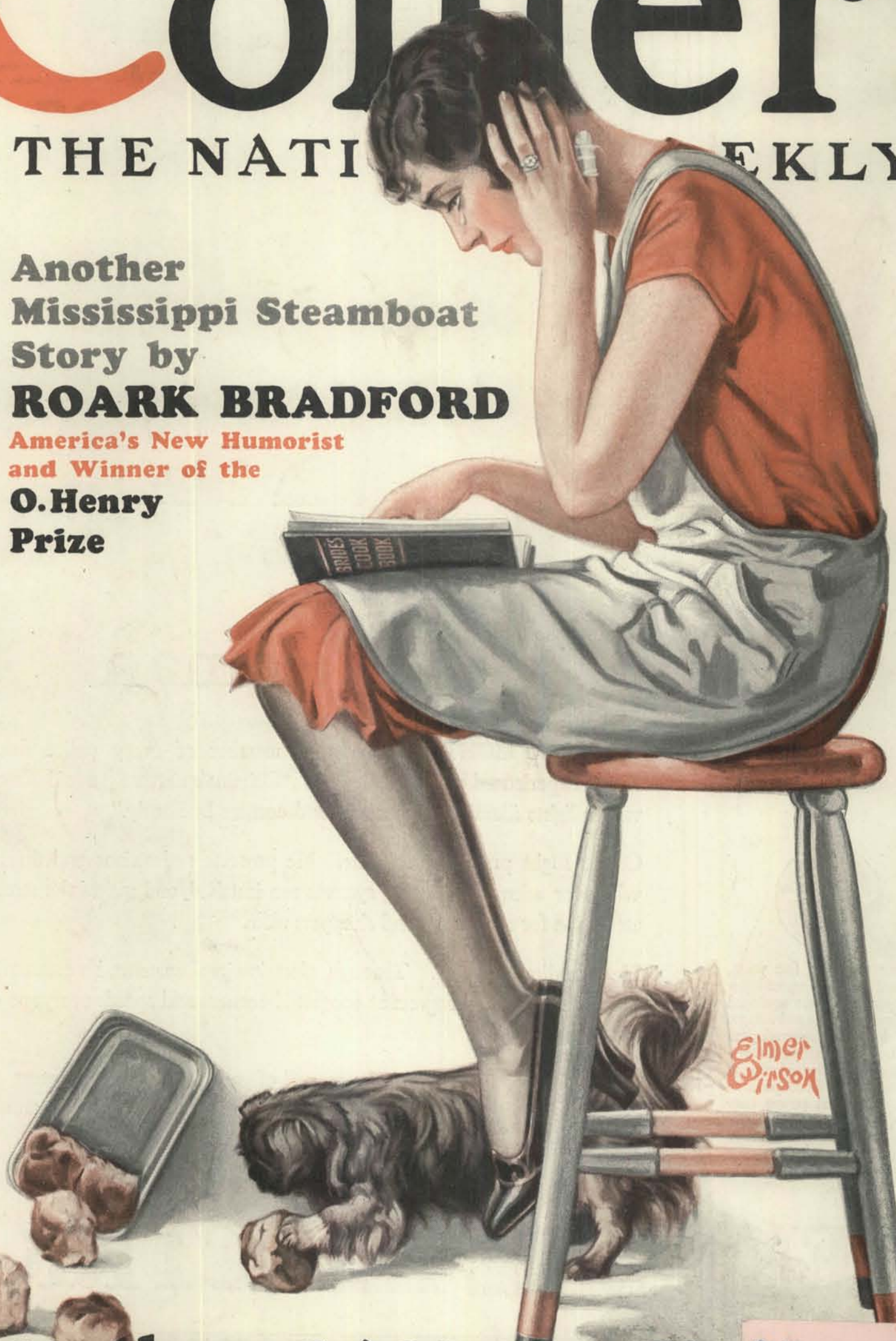

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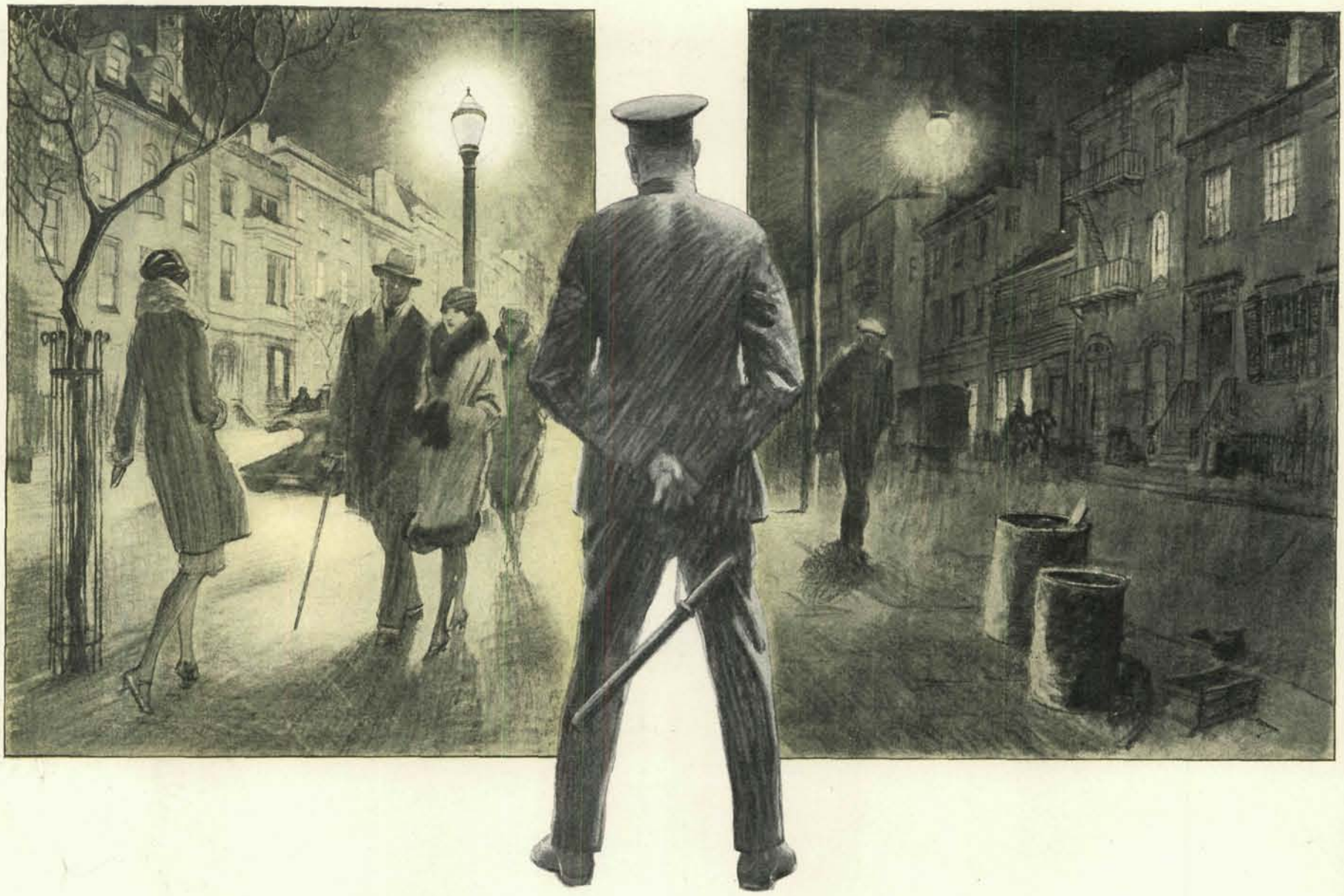

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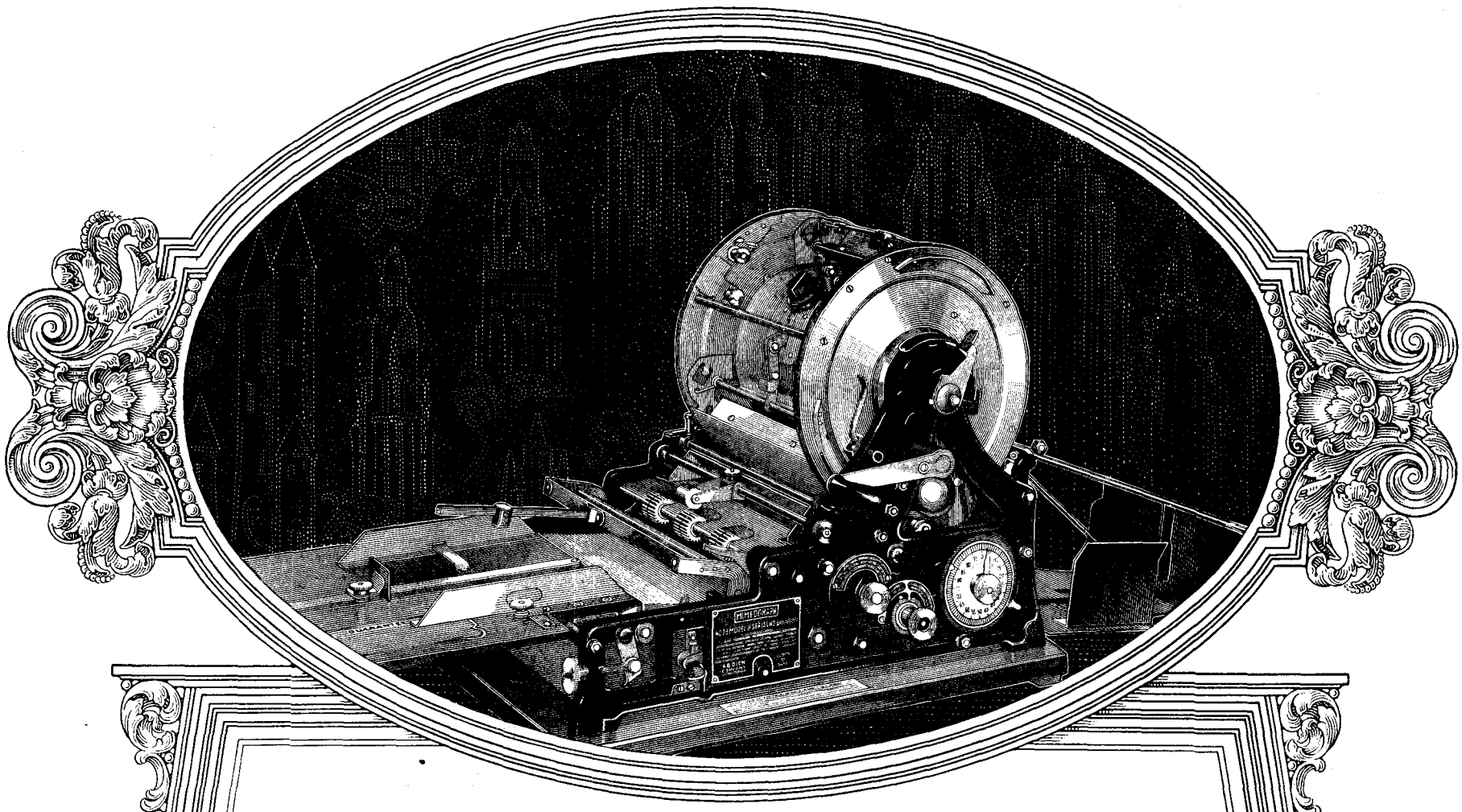

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Amateur

The story of a man who was too busy looking in the mirror to look at his wife

By ELMER DAVIS

"We're going to go on as we are. But don't worry. We'll be circumspect"

Illustrated by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

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THE child is father to the man, but the college man is apt to owe the shape of his character to what he learned at Alma Mater's knee. Consider, for example, that loyal alumnus of Katonka University, United States Senator Chester Balestier.

Senator Balestier is only in his forties, and he may reach the White House before he is through. In the Senate he is no commanding figure; the press gallery is never crowded when he speaks; of the hundreds of bills he has introduced and log-rolled through, none has ever won a place in history as the Balestier Act; but not a man in public life has more of that priceless quality that politicians call availability.

There is not a stain on his record; he has no enemies and never will have if he can help it. "One thing is sure," said an old newspaper man one night when a group at the National Press Club was discussing his Presidential prospects. "If they resurrected George Washington to run against him, Balestier would carry every state in the Union."

And he is the pride and glory of old Katonka, for he put his Alma Mater on the map. Before he ever went into politics he had fought his way into the semi-finals of the national tennis championship, and before that he was the first Katonka man ever mentioned for the All-America football team. So he can count on the whole-hearted loyalty of every man who ever went to old Katonka and of every woman but one. That woman happens to be the only one who counts, but you would never guess that from the statesmanlike serenity of the Hon. Chester Balestier.

Yet what Katonka owes him is little enough beside what he owes to Katonka. As, for instance—

Back in the nineties Katonka was small, poor and unknown; most of its students were an uncouth lot, but it seldom had a less promising recruit than Chet Balestier. He came up from Roundstown, large and raw, immensely earnest and immensely shy. He was earnest because he was the son of a widow who by thrift and industry had brought him up and saved a little money to start him in college; and he had come to Campusville determined to work his way through and avoid such costly and time-wasting diversions as fraternities and football, to study hard and make his mother proud of him.

Avoiding fraternities turned out to be depressingly easy; they avoided him. As for football, nobody in the upper end of the state had heard of Chet's exploits on the town team back home—not even the new coach whom old Jarvis Cushing, Katonka's one rich alumnus, had hired to break a long tradition of athletic disaster. For the first fortnight nobody seemed to know that Chet Balestier was in college at all. But one afternoon as he was crossing the campus Dan Hawley spoke to him.

All Dan wanted was Chet's vote for his candidate—for president of the Athletic Association. Dan Hawley never ran for a college office himself—he had too many enemies, and besides he got more fun out of pulling the wires, but he elected most of the class presidents and athletic managers, and in that small college he couldn't afford to overlook a single vote. Before he could talk politics to Chet Balestier, however, he had to do a lot of listening, for Dan Hawley was a senior, a campus celebrity, a Delta Rho. When he noticed the unknown and homesick freshman, Chet simply turned his soul upside down and emptied it, while Dan patiently strolled along with him muttering an occasional "I see."

The substance of what he saw was that college life cost more than Chet had expected and he hadn't been able to find a job that might pay part of his expenses; in the little college town all jobs were bespoken. So at the end of the term he meant to leave Katonka and enter the state university, where jobs were more numerous and tuition was free.

"Some fellows down home tried to get me to go there," he told Dan Hawley. "Lots of Roundstown fellows go to State. But my mother wanted me to go to a church college—"

"Roundstown?" Dan interrupted. And then—"Balestier! Good Lord, are you the Balestier that played halfback for the Roundstown Bears? Nobody up here ever heard of that team, but I've seen you play—I come from down-state too. Why aren't you out at football practice?"

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She and this other man had been lovers since the liner was three days out

"I won't have time for football. I promised my mother—"

"I see," said Dan softly. "But, look here, Balestier—you wanted to work your way through college, didn't you? Have you tried to get one of those student-watchman jobs?"

"I never heard of them," said Chet meekly.

"They've just been started this year. Till this year all these college buildings, representing hundreds of thousands of dollars, have had just one night watchman to protect them. Think of the fire risk, Balestier! Some of the alumni got so worried that old Jarvis Cushing donated a fund to employ twelve student watchmen. The job pays ten dollars a week—"

"Gosh!" Chet exploded. In those days you could live like a lord at Katonka on ten dollars a week. "Do you suppose I could get a job like that?"

"I can speak to Mr. Cushing about it," Dan promised briskly. "And as that's a night job, you'd have your afternoons free for football."

"Oh, I couldn't play football, Hawley. I've got to study hard—"

"That's all right. All this job amounts to is that you lie around somewhere in the college buildings from supper time till midnight. You could do all your studying then."

"But I promised my mother—"

"NOW listen, Balestier, you want to do what's best for your mother, don't you? If you could pay all your expenses here in college you'd take a load off her shoulders—"

"Oh, of course. If I could get that job, it would make everything fine. But I won't have time for football if I keep up with my studies the way I ought."

"Well!" Dan Hawley shrugged. "Any man in college would be glad to have one of those jobs. I certainly couldn't recommend a man who didn't show the right kind of college spirit."

"Oh," Chet's eyes widened. "I see. I don't get the job unless I play football. . . . I don't like that, Hawley. It isn't honest."

"Honest? See here, freshman! We're not hiring anybody to play football. We only say that the privilege of protecting the college buildings mustn't be given to a man who hasn't shown his loyalty to old Katonka."

Dan paused; Chet's face was working in agonized indecision.

"Tell you what," said Dan. "You think it over and I'll speak to Mr. Cushing tonight. For all I know all those jobs are filled—"

"Oh, gosh!" Chet groaned. "I hope not."

JARVIS CUSHING had been born in Campusville, and he had come back, after selling his factories to the trust for two million dollars, to devote his declining years to bringing up his motherless daughter and enhancing (or rather creating) the glories of old Katonka. Already Dan Hawley was his chief lieutenant in the student body; there was a cool clear-headedness about Dan that old Jarvis liked; if Nesta Cushing were only old enough to marry— But Nesta was only twelve, and a placid co-ed named Miriam Fuller was wearing Dan's fraternity pin. "At that age they don't know the kind of woman they're going to need," reflected old Jarvis while Dan was telling him about Chet Balestier.

"Huh!" said Cushing at last. "I don't mind hiring players to come to college, but I'm damned if I like to hire a man to come out for the team when he's here already."

"He's worth it," Dan promised. "He'll just about double the power of that back field."

"Don't like all these scruples of his either. Acts as if he's doing us a favor."

"He's a good kid, Mr. Cushing—just green." Already Dan Hawley felt a dawning affection—the half-tolerant, half-envious affection of the clever little man for the slow-witted big man—that was to color all his life. "I think he'll listen to reason, after he's thought it over."

So old Jarvis nodded reluctantly, and next morning Dan told Chet that one more night watchman was to be employed.

"And you can get the job," he added, "if you're loyal to old Katonka. . . . But of course, if you promised your mother—"

"Well," said Chet slowly, "I didn't exactly promise—"

Thus began the rise of Chester Balestier.

The rise of Katonka University began the next Saturday when he crashed through the line of an ancient rival for the winning touchdown while the stands roared a rhythmic "Rah! Rah! Balestier!" That was music he had never heard before, and he never forgot it. It worked with equal power on his mother when he brought her up to Campusville to see the state university game and let Dan Hawley explain that broken promise. Dan told her about college loyalty, and Jarvis Cushing sat beside her in the grand stand and howled himself hoarse when Chet beat the state university almost single-handed—the wealthy Mr. Jarvis Cushing—and on Mrs. Balestier's other side little Nesta Cushing was screaming, "Go on, Chet Balestier!" . . . Nesta would inherit millions; a child now, but by the time Chet was old enough to think of marriage—

Lost in these golden visions, his mother was undisturbed by the news that he had pledged to that expensive fraternity, Delta Rho.

Three years later Dan Hawley had been graduated from law school and married his Miriam, Nesta Cushing had gone East to school, and old Katonka had doubled in size and wealth, thanks to old Jarvis Cushing and to Chet Balestier. Balestier, All-Western halfback, who had got Katonka's name in the New York papers, was the most famous college student in six states, and every schoolboy knew he was working his way through. In other colleges stout linesmen and fleet backs had been exposed as ringers and disqualified just before critical games, thanks to quiet investigations about which Dan Hawley knew more than he ever told, but no one had ever impugned the amateur purity of old Katonka's student watchmen.

He may reach the White House before he is through

KATONKA had prospered and grown more costly; Chet Balestier was never quite able to make both ends meet without help from his mother. When she died, at the end of his junior year, she left barely enough money to bury her.

"But don't worry about that," said old Jarvis Cushing when Chet seemed downcast. "If you need more money than your watchman's salary, I'll let you have it and take your note for the looks of the thing."

"I don't like to be in debt," said Chet, frowning. "I've always paid my way." And then, drawing a long breath—"Anyway, Mr. Cushing, I've decided to go East for my senior year."

"East?" Cushing exploded. "Where?" Chet named an (*Continued on page 52*)

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How to Pack a Punch

Here's help for struggling golfers and tennis players, given by such eminent punch packers as Gene Tunney, Jock Hutchison and Max Carey

By GRANTLAND RICE

GENE TUNNEY, standing on the first tee, took a belt at the ball that looked hard enough to make it travel 300 yards. But it didn't.

"When you take a punch at a man's chin," remarked Jock Hutchison, one of the game's best golf pros, "where is your weight?"

"Backing up the punch," said Tunney.

"It has to be," Hutchison went on, "and that goes for any game you play. I've seen you fight, and I know how good your balance and your foot work are in the ring. You've got to get some of that in golf and keep the weight in the right place. On that last shot your body was in front of the swing, and you had to hit with your arms. You had nothing to punch with. Keep back of the ball and let your weight go with the swing, not ahead of it."

On the next tee Tunney drove nearly 300 yards.

There seems to be a general idea abroad that some men can hit and others can't because they are born that way. This is largely bunk. Weight and strength count, but the punch is chiefly a scientific product. In golf, tennis and baseball it isn't necessary to have weight, strength or physical power, as Cyril Walker, Bill Johnston, Rabbit Maranville and other small men have shown, and if you don't think Joe Gans could hit, ask Bat Nelson.

Some men can hit because they know how. Others can't because they don't know how. The latter know nothing of balance, timing and using body weight in the right place at the right time.

I asked Tunney just how he had built up the rather simple-looking punch that cut up the durable Dempsey so badly at Philadelphia and Chicago.

"My punching may look to be on the easy side," Tunney said, "but I put a lot more into it than anyone knows. I've been working for over seven years on the knack or trick of using all the muscles I could from heel to shoulder in delivering blows.

"My idea of hitting is to use the wrists very little. Whether it is left wrist or right wrist, each is firm and stiff as the punch is landed. The first leverage starts from the foot, swings up the side and finally centers in the shoulder, the main hinge, from which most of the power comes. It is the main connection between the body and the fist. You can get in shoulder snap just as you can get in wrist snap, and the difference is that the shoulder can carry 150 pounds or 190 pounds or 200 pounds back of its final snap, where the wrist can carry nothing without the shoulder's help.

Dempsey is Always Dangerous

"I SEEMED to be hitting Dempsey with short punches that carried little force. But these punches started from the bottom of the foot, and the leverage ran up the entire side, especially through the hip, and centered in the shoulder.

"You can't hurt a man by slapping or cuffing at him with your hands, wrists and arms, as most fighters do. There must be shoulder action back of the punch, and there must be body action and body weight back of the shoulder.

"Dempsey will always be a dangerous hitter because he gets in this shoulder action perfectly."

In the fourth round at Chicago Tunney jabbed with a straight left and followed with one or two short rights. There was no outward sign of any extra effort. But the iron Dempsey suddenly began to sag, and he seemed to be on the verge of taking a knock-out.

In the eighth or ninth round a straight left traveling but 8 or 10 inches opened up a big gash. You don't cut a man like that by kissing him.

"Golf," said Jock Hutchison, "is a two-handed game, but the left shoulder is the main hinge of the swing. It is for this reason that it is necessary to get in a big body turn. The left shoulder and the left hip must turn well toward the right, for there is no other way to keep the body weight in its place, back of the ball as you hit. Don't be afraid to turn the body just as if you were going to throw a baseball a long way. If you don't turn far enough your right side will get around too quickly, and then what is left to hit with?"

"I've noticed," remarked Max Carey, Brooklyn's star outfielder, "the same principles apply to most good hitters in baseball. It is certainly true of Babe Ruth, Hornsby, Speaker and Heilmann.

"Ruth has almost a perfect golf swing. To begin with, he stands with the back of his right shoulder to the pitcher's box. He has done a big part of his turning when he takes his stance at the plate. His left foot is far back of his right. He has a straight left arm when he hits the ball, and his body weight is going with the swing, not in front of it. Being left-handed, he gets a tremendous pivot from his right shoulder, and this big pivot makes it hard for the body to get in too soon.

Put Your Shoulder to It

"I'VE always believed," Carey continued, "that anyone could learn a lot about the principles of timing and hitting in baseball from the golf swing. I believe the time is coming when there will be instructors for the baseball swing just as there are now several thousand instructors for the golf swing, and that you will see the baseball swing standardized along right principles.

"One of the great faults of baseball hitting is getting the weight ahead too fast and hitting with the arms, minus any body support. It all comes from the same cause. A fellow tightens up and is too anxious to hit. He won't take a body turn and wait for the ball to come where he wants it. It is hard for most ball players and golfers to pivot, because few of them can keep relaxed when starting the swing. They are about as pliable as telegraph poles."

Just what is the main trick that turns on the punch at any game?

First of all it is leverage, where the body, shoulders and hands work together. There must first be balance—as Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden and Gene Tunney have shown so exceptionally well. There must be foot balance to start with. The next move is to put the body where it can back up the blow at the moment of impact. Tilden once told me that he put about everything he had into tennis shots that seemed to be easily hit.

"It is almost like starting an electric current up the right side," he said, "and everything crystallizes in the final snap."

"You put your shoulder and side into the right sort of punch," Tunney says, "and it ends with a snap. In golf this last snap seems to come from the wrists. In boxing the driving power comes from the shoulder, but while the wrist is straight and firm there must be some leverage here also."

Weight distribution is a big factor in any game where the punch has a place. If the weight is too far forward or too far backward, there is no chance for power. But if the weight swings in with the blow to back up the shoulder and the wrist the power of any wallop can be more than doubled.

Few know how to hit because few have studied leverage, timing, balance and team play between body and arms as Tunney, Tilden, Jones and Ruth have.

Watch Tilden's foot balance, no matter where he seems to land after almost diving for a hard smash. Balance first, then pivoting, leverage and the flail-like finish with the body backing up the blow. Which means packing the punch.

International

Gene Tunney knows how to drive 300 yards. Jock Hutchison showed him how

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It Seems there were Two

The real Lexington. Henry Sandham's painting, accurately showing the sturdy farmers giving the redcoats "the guts of their guns"

BOSTON and the adjacent countryside seethed with excitement as night closed down on the eighteenth of April, 1775, for that very afternoon British officers had been seen scouting along the Concord road. It was known also that redcoat sergeants, disguised as farmers and hidden in hay wagons, had come out of the city and even now were picketed along the main highways.

The patriots feared that a plan was afoot to seize the war stores they had accumulated at Concord. They feared too for the safety of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were spending the night with Parson Clark in Lexington. It was no secret in the province that General Thomas Gage, commander in chief of His Majesty's forces in America, had sworn in his rum flagons to arrest these firebrands who were lighting the flames of revolution.

"The regulars are turning out!"

Whispered from shadow to shadow, the alarm swiftly reached the Committee of Safety.

The Lexington of "History"

FORTHWITH Dr. Joseph Warren dispatched riders to rouse every Middlesex village and farm. One William Dawes galloped the long way round Boston Neck and Roxbury. Another, Paul Revere, rowed to the Charlestown shore, where a horse was in readiness. Both, outwitting every attempt to intercept them, reached Lexington, a dozen hard miles away.

Meanwhile some 800 of the flower of the Crown troops in Boston embarked from the foot of the Common in numerous small boats and were transported on the flood tide across to the Phipps Farm in Cambridge. By midnight the entire column had marched on the West Cambridge road toward Concord. But signal guns and bells gave warning.

Through the dark hours since midnight the colonial militia—called minutemen because of their boasted readiness to brave the king at a minute's notice—had been assembling. Fate placed the Lexington company first, athwart the path of the regulars.

They had hastened to the Green in answer to the long roll of William Diamond's drum, while the windows of Buckman's Tavern still glowed from the embers on the taproom hearth.

"Here they come," said young Captain John Parker to his men—his friends and neighbors. Another dawn he would have been behind his plow. "Stand your ground. Commit no aggression. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here!"

The light-infantry units which led the British column swung into view. Major Pitcairn, a marine officer especially detached by Gage for this day's work, spied the minutemen and spurred toward them. Subalterns snapped orders to the ranks, which broke into double time and spread out across the Green and highway as they rushed upon the farmers with loud huzzas.

"Disperse," cried Pitcairn. "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! Damn ye, why don't ye lay down your arms and disperse!"

The men of Lexington remained motionless in the face of the Crown's might: witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. But Captain Parker sanely reckoned the uneven odds and circumstances. He signaled to his men to melt away.

"Fire!" cried Major Pitcairn.

Odd shots—then a close and deadly volley—crashed upon the fleeing farmers. Well nigh a quarter of them dropped—dead and wounded.

Propaganda in 1775

THAT is the traditional, old-fashioned school-history account of the affair of April 19, 1775, at Lexington, Mass. It is the account approved and accepted by David Hirshfield and William Hale Thompson and the men appointed by them to investigate pro-British history textbooks in our modern American schools. It is in many respects a true picture of an historic night and day.

Yet it had an aftermath—a history of its history—that is illuminating when viewed in the light of the present-day investigations, by politicians, of histories and historians; that provides a perfect illustration of how history can be designed at will to suit political clamor or petty local prejudices, and that reveals how motives can mold and scale FACTS to the purposes of PROPAGANDA. Thus:

The firing, begun with that dawn on Lexington Green, continued throughout a bloody day. Yet long before darkness had silenced the last musket the politicians of the Second Provincial Congress were calling humanity to witness that none of the minutemen of Lexington had fired at the regulars, either before or after the regulars had fired. Sam Adams and his skillful colleagues hastily collected affidavits from the men of Lexington to prove absolute nonresistance.

A joint deposition by Nathaniel Mulliken and thirty-three of his comrades protested that, "whilst our backs were turned we were fired on by the troops."

Another affidavit told that Captain Parker ordered his men to disperse, and not to fire, and that immediately "said troops, rushing furiously, fired upon and killed eight of our party without receiving any provocation from us."

So the testimony went. The Provincial Congress was looking only for that portion of the truth of the affray which could be fashioned to their purposes of inciting her sister colonies to rally to Massachusetts' aid. In addition the Congress also caused to be printed a "broadside," as posters were known in those days. This broadside had a double row of black coffins across the top, with the name of a patriot martyr on each. In large type it was headed:

"A BLOODY BUTCHERY BY THE BRITISH TROOPS: OR, THE RUNAWAY FIGHT OF THE REGULARS."

In smaller print there was a bitter account of the day's events, alleging not only a massacre at Lexington but excesses by the redcoats throughout the retreat to Cambridge. The whole ended with a tearful poem.

Fast couriers, in relays, bore broadsides and depositions to every nook and cranny of the Thirteen Colonies; while Captain Derby's swift packet, which had been kept in readiness, sailed for England bearing the news to Whig sympathizers.

Indeed, so excellent was the foresight revealed in these arrangements that no less a patriot than John Adams wrote:

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Irishmen By W. B. COURTNEY

EVERY after-dinner victim has heard a million different stories beginning, "It seems there were two—" The history textbook agitation in the United States has led many of us to suspect that perhaps the battle of Lexington and other sacred events have been hashed in the casual manner of the amateur entertainer's anecdotes. Here is an impartial discussion of the facts.

Illustrated by KURT WIESE

The massacre version approved by the Hirshfield-Thompsonites

"I suspected that this [the massacre] was the explosion which had been intentionally wrought by designing men who knew what they were aiming at better than the instruments [the minutemen of Lexington] employed."

In vain British officials protested that colonial accounts of Lexington were overdrawn. British officers, who had participated, in their private letters home, blamed the farmers for firing first. Major Pitcairn pointed out that if the farmers had not fired it was odd that two of his men had been wounded and his own horse shot in two places!

As for "atrocities," hadn't a minuteman at Concord Bridge brained with an ax a poor wounded British soldier who was begging for succor?

Far from being a "butcher," the Tories declared that Pitcairn—a marine—was selected for the command of the light infantry because of his humanity, tact and coolness.

President Stiles of Yale, an eminent patriot, later testified to Pitcairn's kindliness and to his undoubted sincerity in the belief that the colonials had fired first.

The Lexington of Fact

BUT no one gave ear to the British side of it in those days—least of all the people of Lexington. There had been a massacre—and that was that.

The Revolution got under way, and was won. But during these years the good folk of Lexington grew painfully aware of the dictionary distinction between "massacre" and "battle."

The former was plainly set forth as "an indiscriminate killing in numbers of the unresisting." The latter had a glorious manliness about it: "*fighting* between hostile forces."

Another dawn came to Lexington with as great passion as that of April 19, 1775—the dawn of understanding that the town's forefathers were being put in timid light while the credit for virility went to Concord. Accordingly, in 1824, the town appointed a committee to conduct a reëxamination of the affair of 1775.

Citizen Phinney, the chairman, summoned ten witnesses, old men, six of whom had been in line with Captain Parker's company on the disputed morn.

Minuteman Sanderson, in his affidavit of April 25, 1775, had sworn that there was no firing by the farmers.

However, taking a second thought in 1824, he remembered clearly that he had seen blood on the highway where the regulars had been standing.

Amos Lock, in 1824, recalled that his brother had fired.

Minuteman Tidd, in 1824, testified that he had tried to kill a British officer.

It was brought out that although the Second Provincial Congress had claimed there was "no firing," the Third Congress had declared there "was some."

It was also brought out that a letter by Captain Parker, traditional in the Munro family, told that he had instructed his men, "Don't fire *unless fired upon!*"

Lastly it was remarked as strange that, of perhaps a dozen members of the Munro family in line under Captain Parker, none had been approached to make an affidavit for the Second Congress. It was hinted that this was because of the known hostility of the Munro family to the redcoats. In 1824 the omission was corrected:

Corporal John Munro remembered observing to his brother Ebenezer that the redcoats "are only using powder." Just then, however, a British ball struck Ebenezer, who heatedly swore it was more than powder—and both boys fired.

Ebenezer, for his part, testified that he had let the redcoats have "the guts of his gun."

In other words, the argument which Lexington in 1775 had used against the British had been used against Lexington by Concord in its claim for first fighting honors. Now the argument WHICH THE BRITISH HAD USED IN 1775 AGAINST LEXINGTON WAS USED BY LEXINGTON TO BEAT CONCORD and to change a massacre into a battle!

This local tempest detracted nothing, of course, (*Continued on page 47*)

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The old He-Coon

"Open de mouf, Granddaddy," he grinned

By
ROARK BRADFORD

THE steamboat John D. Grace swung along swiftly with the current in mid-channel. The churning of the muddy water and the vibration of the whole lower deck was a lullaby to the twenty-year-old roustabouts who sprawled among the piles of cargo. All was peaceful. There was no work, and there was no worry. *Nothing but sleep and rest.*

Suddenly two brief blasts from the whistle sounded. Old Folks Collins leaned forward from his half-reclining position by the side of the boiler and looked shoreward in the misty January rain.

"Must be Crescent Bend," he decided, and he picked up a half-gallon jug, removed the corncob stopper, and drained it of the few drops of hard drinking liquor.

"Be de time us gits dat stuff toted on de foredeck, hit'll be landin' time," he concluded under his breath, and, satisfied with the conclusion, he raised his voice. "Yah, yah," he roared. "Shake a laig and git to movin'. Grab dis stuff and snake hit away." Old Folks had spoken.

The deck immediately became as an ant-hill. Men scrambled from protected places under cargo piles and swarmed around the stack of freight which was to be moved near the gangplank before the boat landed, so the unloading would be speeded.

Old Folks, leaning lightly on a long, second-growth hickory staff which he habitually carried, swept the workers with a practiced eye. Among them all he noticed only the farmer boy named Castor Oil, who had joined the crew the day before at Natchez. He was big and husky, but he was "hunting over" the pile of freight for the smallest bundle.

"You, Castor Oil," Old Folks roared, and at the same time he whipped the slender staff against the new roustabout's back. "You grab de fust bundle you comes to or I'll burn you up wid dis hickory."

Castor Oil, smarting under the stinging lick, stood up and turned as if to fight back. He was as large as the old boss rouster and much younger and stronger.

BUT Old Folks was ready for him. He snatched his woolen hat from his head, arched his neck and leaped. But Castor Oil grabbed a bundle of freight and escaped.

"Dat ole scound'el ack like he gonter butt me," Castor confided to the rouster next to him as he put his bundle down on the foredeck.

"Ack like?" snorted the other rouster. "You better be glad he only ack like. Ef'n he'd butted you, well, you'd 'a' thought de lightnin' had done struck you."

"Is dat a fack?"

"Butts like a ole ram."

"Do he, now?" The idea amused Castor Oil, and he started to laugh.

"You, Castor Oil!" It was Old Folks thundering again. "You stop dat laughin' and git busy. I bet I'm gonter butt yo' haid in de next time I hollers at you." Castor Oil got busy.

THE boat pulled against the Bienville Street landing at New Orleans, and was secured to the projecting pilings. A mate at the winch lowered the gangplank, and the instant the plank touched the wharf Old Folks had a stream of rousters, each carrying one bundle of freight, walking off. And thereafter, until the last bundle was carried ashore, he stood by with his staff and kept them walking. Not rapidly, but steadily.

Old Folks was a man that was known on the river. From Cairo, Ill., to New Orleans roustabouts told stories about the old "he-coon" of the main deck of the John D. Grace. And they sang songs about him too. Among the thousand and one verses of the "Po' Boy" song, there was one verse which stated:

I rid on de Stacker, and I rid on de Queen,
And I rid on de Tennessee Belle.
But Old Folks worked me on de Grace so hard
To I wish I was in hell: Po, boy!
Keep a-turnin'; keep a-turnin'.
Po' boy!

That was the secret of Old Folks' success as a boss rouster. He kept them turning. Up the gangplank and down again, a continuous stream of freight toters! He never hurried them or interfered with them as long as they kept at their steady pace. But he was ever watchful and always had them "ready to walk" as soon as the gangplank was down. There was no foolishness tolerated when there was work to be done.

"Hit ain't no use in hurryin' a man up," he declared. "A man git more tireder gittin' deviled about de work den he do workin'. And make a man mad and he'll burn hisse'f out jest doin' nothin'. I kin take and cuss more strenk out'n a man in one minute den I kin work out'n him in a month er Sundays."

Nor was there ever any question among the rousters or in the mind of Old Folks as to who was the absolute authority on the main deck.

"Ole Cap'm Cooley, he de boss er de rousters," explained the old man, "jest like he de boss er mighty nigh ev'thing else on dis man's river. But de Cap'm got too much yuther bossin' to tend to widout worryin' wid de niggers. So I sorter he-coons around for him, some."

And in turn be it said that Captain Cooley knew how to delegate authority. And he knew how to let a man alone when his work was satisfactory. So he let Old Folks strictly alone, never questioning and never interfering.

After long dreary days of work, during which Old Folks eyed every movement of every roustabout up and down the gangplank, the New Orleans cargo was discharged and the up-river freight was taken aboard. It was night when they finished loading, and the schedule called for departure at daybreak. That suited Old Folks to perfection.

When the last bundle was on board he quietly hunted up his empty jug and made for "back town," where, for four dollars, a man would refill it.

Old Folks was not what is generally

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of the John D. Grace

"I'm gonter git even wit' you," said Old Folks. And all the Mississippi knew that Old Folks was a man of his word

known as a drinking man. He merely belonged to that old school of rivermen who felt that plenty of hard liquor and quinine would forestall any of the ailments peculiar to river life—chills and fever in the summer and wet joints and phthisis in the winter. And, after some experiments, he had learned that the quinine was a superfluous ingredient in the preventive.

Up Canal Street to Rampart he walked. A jug was hard to hide, so he made no effort to hide it. "Fo'ks'll think hit's coal oil," he reasoned. But in spite of his logic he felt uneasy.

ON THE river he was the famous old he-coon of song and story. But away from it he felt ill at ease. "Do I git stopped," he decided, "I ups and tells 'em I's ole Cap'm Cooley's nigger, and ain't nobody gonter cross ole Cap'm Cooley."

As he turned into Rampart Street the thought comforted him considerably, and he trudged on, and it was with considerable confidence that he turned suddenly into a narrow alley and walked back toward the patio where the man who was to refill his jug held forth.

But the man wasn't there! Instead there stood the blue-coated Law itself! Brass buttons and a club and a shiny shooting pistol!

"Git waay f'm me wid dat stuff!" warned Old Folks

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

"Where you going, old man?" the Law demanded.

"Nowhars, suh, Mister Law," Old Folks responded, dropping his jug noiselessly to the ground.

"Oh, yes, you are," the Law stated. "You're going over to the First Precinct and tell Judge Leonard about it."

"Yassuh, Mister Law, I was jest fixin' to. Which erway is hit f'm hyar?" Old Folks hoped for any excuse to get out of the Law's sight.

"Right this way," the policeman pointed, and Old Folks stepped into the door indicated and into a small room filled with policemen and Negroes.

Presently the patrol wagon came and conveyed them to the station. Every time anyone would listen Old Folks tried to explain that he was Captain Cooley's boss roustabout, but everyone told him to "tell it to the judge."

After two hours he was led into the courtroom.

"G. Collins—colored—fourteen—thirty-six—section four—D. and S.," droned the clerk.

The judge looked at him. He did not look like a dangerous and suspicious character. But the town was filling up with worthless Negroes who were loafing out the winter.

"What do you do for a living, old man?" asked the judge.

"I works, Jedge, suh," Old Folks explained. "Ole Cap'm Cooley is my white folks. He'll take—"

"Who is Captain Cooley?" demanded the judge.

Old Folks was stupefied. "Don't you know who Cap'm Cooley is?" he asked, marveling at the ignorance of any man—white or black—who did not know who Captain Cooley was.

"No," snapped the judge. "Who is he?"

Old Folks searched his mind for a simple statement of fact that would convey to this ignorant white man the sweeping importance of Captain Cooley.

"Well, Jedge," he explained at last, "de Good Book say dat de Lawd is six foot tall." He paused, lowered his voice to an awed whisper, and added: "Ole Cap'm Cooley is six foot two—two inches taller den de Lawd."

"Thirty days," said the judge. "Call the next case, Sergeant."

IT WAS nearing daylight before word got to the boat that the boss rouster was in jail and the sun was well up before Captain Cooley could effect his release. . . . But when the Grace raised her plank and cast off her moorings for the long trip up the river, Old Folks was on the main deck, directing rousters in putting the final touches to the stacks of cargo. Old Folks was there. But his jug was lying empty in an alley over "back of town."

The trip up the river was not so bad on the old man, however. The weather behaved itself—not hot enough for chills and fever, but too warm and sunshiny for phthisis and wet joints, and he really needed no liquor to prevent these ailments. But on the return journey a genuine winter rain set in and lasted for four cold, sloppy, drizzly days. Old Folks caught a cold which rapidly developed into a "hurtin' in de chist." And when the boat finally reached New Orleans again, he was delirious with fever occasioned by pneumonia in both lungs.

At the hospital Captain Cooley instructed the doctor to "go the limit" for his boss rouster. "Don't leave out a thing," he said. "I'll be here four more days, then eleven days up the river and back. Fifteen days, you ought to have him ready to go back to work by that time."

The doctor looked at the old man and shook his head. "I'll do the best I can," he promised. "He's a mighty sick man—and pretty old too. Hmm."

The doctor did his best. Old Folks had a private room and the best of attention. And he needed every bit of the attention he could get, for it was only after a desperate battle that the savage case of pneumonia was finally conquered.

Then came the long period of rebuilding the strength that the disease had destroyed. And that was when Old Folks really suffered. In the first place, Old Folks liked to live on a steamboat. In the next place, the food didn't suit. But the real thorn in his side was Horace.

Horace was the hospital orderly who was assigned to take care of the old man after his condition had improved to the extent that it was no longer necessary for him to have a trained nurse. Horace was yellow and small, and wore horn-rimmed spectacles. He kept his hair pasted to the top of his head with a heavy, greasy substance and spent most of his time sleeping in the chair or strutting about the room importantly and being "biggity."

Old Folks hated him.

"Now git dis right, son," he told Horace the first time he saw him. "Don't come at me wid none er dat uppity sass er yo'n. And don't come tryin' to boss me, 'cause I ain't de kind er man which lets no nigger boss him. I's a steamboatin' man, and I does my own bossin'."

"Yeah?" Horace was slightly sneering in his manner. But Old Folks held his temper.

"I bosses all er Cap'm Cooley's rousters on de Grace. And ev'y man I bosses is two times bigger'n you, and more den dat, sometimes. But, big or little, I'm de he-coon, and ev'y nigger which comes on de main deck looks alike to me."

"Well," said Horace, "you might be de he-coon down yonder on de steamboat and you might be de he-jackass down dere too, for all I knows. But you ain't nothin' but a sick nigger whilst you's in dis horse-pistol. And all sick niggers look alike to me, big or little. Now open up yo' mouf and swallow dis medicine."

OLD FOLKS boiled over. He tried to rise up and leap at the uppity little man, but the strength wasn't there. So he sputtered and fumed for a while and managed to let Horace know his feelings in the matter.

"I ain't studdin' what you thinks about me," Horace retorted. "All I'm studdin' 'bout is, is you gonter open yo' mouf or is I'm got to hold yo' nose to make you open hit?"

Old Folks considered. He was helpless, and he did not doubt that the hateful little man would hold his nose until he was forced to open his mouth for breath and then pour the medicine down.

"I don't never take no medicine," Old Folks explained lamely. "Drinkin' licker is all de medicine I ever takes."

Horace laughed like he had just thought up a good joke. "Well, dis medicine smells like drinkin' licker," he said. "And looks like hit too. Maybe hit is drinkin' licker."

Old Folks opened his mouth hopefully, and the orderly poured the spoonful of iron, quinine and strychnine tonic into it.

"Whoof!" Old Folks exploded as soon as he could get his vocal organs to working. "Whoof! Boy, what you tryin' to do? Pizen me? Dat stuff is as bitter as gall!"

But Horace had returned to his chair and was settling down comfortably for some sleep. He ignored the old man's blistering cussing out and his promise to "git back at you, you yaller hammer, you."

(*Continued on page 32*)

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In Training

Whatever your field, you've got to keep in trim. If you doubt it, here are some nudges to your skepticism

International Newsreel

Left: You can't bust Olympic records without paring off the fractions of seconds little by little and bit by bit. Here's Helen Wainwright working hard at just that

Wide World

Above: Well, of course, that's one way to get to an appointment on time. German athletes use this trick wheel for keeping in condition. It takes a lot of effort to get her rolling especially because it's not cricket to start off at the top of a long, smooth hill

International Newsreel

Above: This isn't first aid to blind batters though it would be a mighty help to some of the lads who swing so oft at nothing, if they'd toss 'em a fat ball like this once in a while just to help the averages. Jack Bentley of the Giants training with a medicine ball

Wide World

Above: It's not all play even for the younger set in this day nursery operated by a group of Girl Scouts. The shining hours are improved so you wouldn't know them, by teaching the youngsters how to lay a dinner table. It's all great training—even if little Joan marries a millionaire and my dear never has to put her hand to anything

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Wide World

Above: As if fathers didn't have troubles enough here's an organized group of them learning, in their spare time, how to rear children

Wide World

Above: At the Ambler School of Horticulture for Women in Pennsylvania they train them in all branches of dirt farming including handling heifers from their earliest days. The girls are taught how to raise prize poultry, as well as harrowing, dairying and the hundreds of other tasks that make up modern scientific farming

Wide World

Above: It works beautifully all around: the fencing makes them better dancers and the dancing makes them better fencers. So whichever they decide to make their life-work, Betty Larke and Jackie Adams of the International Fencing Club can't lose out. This is the sort of thing that goes on along the sand dunes near San Francisco and any traveler who tries to tell us from now on that one sand dune looks just like another has got us to fight

Right: Well, all the billiards ever we played were played with no more than three balls and one of 'em red. But you can't tell whether these ladies are using four balls and all white because they're Japanese or because they're women and naturally contrary

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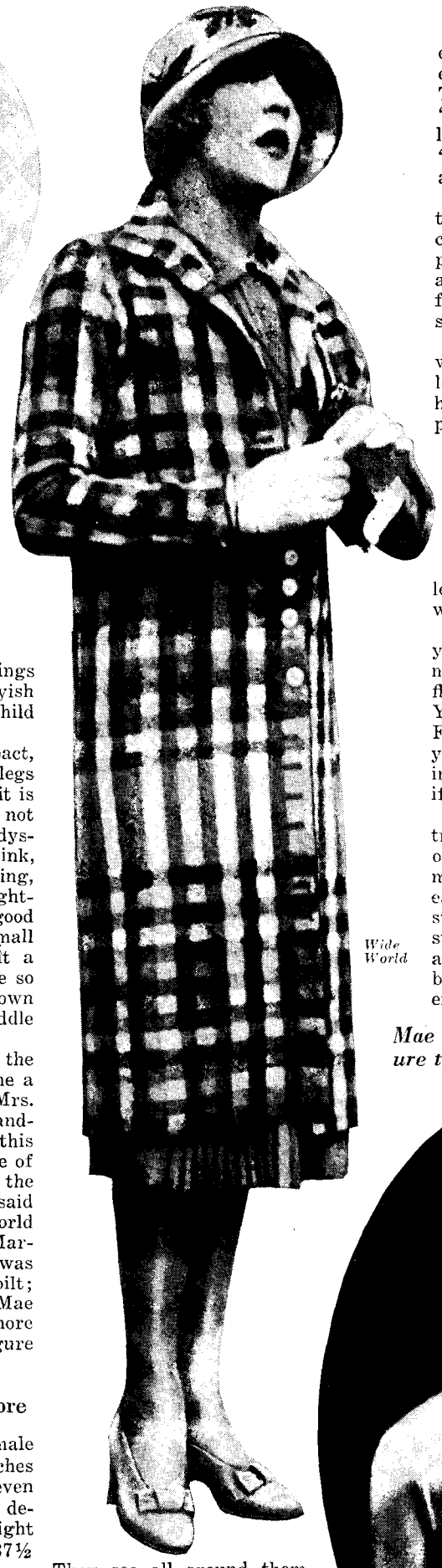
Dan Josselyn, who makes Venuses out of ungainly women

Snake's Hips



Wide World

FOR years Grandma Goforth was chronically in bad shape. Doctor after doctor gave her up. Dressmakers fainted as she approached them, and what had been a happy home had become a house of mourning. One day she heard of Chicago Benny Yokel, trainer and conditioner of overstuffed ladies. . . . Yesterday she eloped with a movie actor who mistook her for Miss America. And here's how:

By BRENDA UELAND

WELL up among the things women want most is the boyish figure—the outlines of a child of ten or twelve.

That is, they want to be compact, light, healthy, long-legged (the legs should be as long as the torso, and it is nice to have them longer). They do not want to be nervous, skinny, jerky, dyspeptic-looking, as men seem to think, but svelte and limber like a stripling, with a flexible, hard waist that is slightly narrower than the hips; hips a good deal narrower than the shoulders; small breasts. They want to be without a vestige of loose, pendent flesh, to be so stripped of fat that when they sit down there is no spare tire around the middle and not a hint of spreading.

Now when I say "women" I mean the vanguard of dashing ones. To name a few, hit or miss, there is the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Ailwyn Fellowes, a granddaughter of Issac Singer and said this year to be the smartest (in the sense of being the most stylish) woman in the world; Mrs. Jean Nash, who was said to be the smartest woman in the world last year; Lady Diana Manners; Margot Asquith; Lady Mendl, who was Elsie de Wolfe; Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt; Mrs. Philip Lydig; Marion Davies; Mae Murray, who is forty and has a more perfect, lively, fiery, well-knit figure than a thousand nineteen-year-olds.

Soft, White and Dumpy—No More

THE weight tables say that a female thirty years old and 5 feet 5 inches tall should weigh 138 pounds, and even Lulu Hunt Peters, the diet expert, declares in her books that the ideal weight for a woman 5 feet 5 inches tall is 137½ pounds.

But from the standpoint of style this is terrible! At least 18 pounds too much! These are only the outlines of a comfortable matron. Now, if you weigh 200 pounds and fear diabetes or apoplexy and reduce to 138 pounds, that is very commendable. But don't think you are in fashion. Don't think that everybody will wheel as you pass down Fifth Avenue or that the scouts from wholesale houses will be taking notes on your clothes.

Ordinary old-fashioned people think that we are going crazy on dieting. They see all around them middle-aged ladies, already less than half the width of their mothers, trying to become even thinner. And it makes them mad. It makes especially mad those who weigh more than 135 and like three heavy meals a day.

There is still an association of plumpness with health and more than that with affluence. This idea is a relic of the days when the food supply was uncertain and only the rich could afford to eat enough and loaf enough to be fat. The old salutation, "How well you are looking!" just meant, "How very stout you are getting!"

But the best doctors now say that there is no sense in carrying any extra flesh. A single extra pound means more work for the heart, arteries, stomach and the rest. Since food comes to us regularly, there is no sense in storing it under the skin.

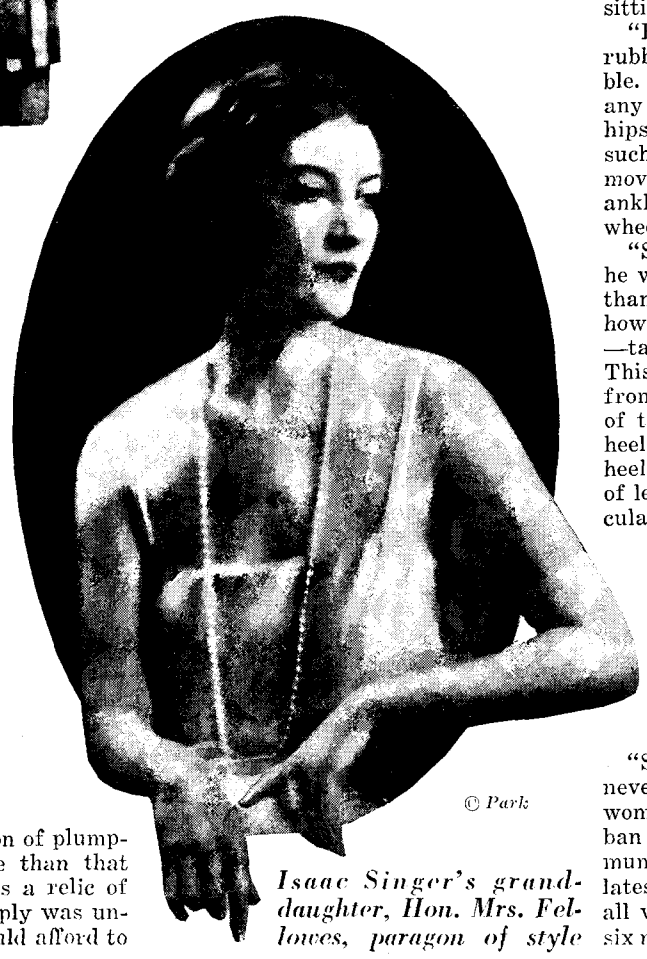
Victorian women liked to look soft, white and invertebrate, with a marked look of ill health. But now something has happened. The sex which set Schopenhauer's teeth on edge because they were so short-legged and dumpy doesn't want to look that way any longer.

Why this has happened it is not for me to say. All we know is that after the war, by some miracle, women weren't horrified at their own legs any more. Corsets came off. Hair went.

It is not enough just to reduce until you are thin, wan, flaccid, dyspeptic and measly. You have tone, health, muscle, flexibility, condition. The leading New York beauty salons recognize this fact. Formerly they used just to work on your face. If there was not a wrinkle in it, then you were a beauty, no matter if the lump bulk was terrible.

But now they prescribe for you as a trainer prescribes for a college athlete or a pediatrician for the baby of a multimillionaire. They tell you what to eat. They make you exercise in a teamster's union suit until you sweat. You sweat like a horse at least once a day and not in an electric cabinet or Turkish bath but as the result of your muscular exertion.

Mae Murray at 40 has a better figure than a thousand debbies of 19



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Isaac Singer's granddaughter, Hon. Mrs. Fellowes, paragon of style

At these up-to-date beauty places they give you hot baths and cold baths. They make you lie nude in the sun or under an ultra-violet-ray lamp, for there is nothing like the ultra-violet rays for the skin's texture and color.

Exit Corsets and High Heels?

YOU see, it is no longer fashionable to have one of those pummeled, macerated, overmassaged faces in which, true enough, there may not be a wrinkle but which do not fool anyone as to your age by a day. Now, it is all right to look your age. BUT you must be astonishingly handsome and healthy, no matter what your age. Fifteen or sixty, you should look like a beautiful, healthy and very clean savage; and not only in face *but also in* BODY. *You should have,* no matter what your age, a body like a stripling and a round, healthy face tanned a delicate café au lait by the sun or by lamp treatments, with a skin that is clear and smooth and eyes that have that clear, half-shut, sleepy, bright look that children's eyes have, due to the right food and not much of it, to exercise, sweating and sunlight. And the interesting thing is it can be done.

Arthur A. McGovern is a leading exercise expert in New York. His gymnasium is frequented by prominent athletes, bankers, politicians, actors, society women.

Well, what about hips? What if they have been in the family since the Mayflower? Can they be made to go?

"They sure can," he says. "Thickness below the waist in women is due to three things: the corset, high heels and sitting.

"First, as to the corset, even the little rubber one that is supposed to be sensible. It cuts off circulation and prevents any muscular action throughout the hips, waist, thighs. Women who wear such corsets don't know it, but they move like wooden Indians from the ankles down. They might as well be on wheels.

"Second, high heels. A man, because he wears flat shoes and trousers rather than tight skirts—although I don't care how tight a skirt is if it is short enough—takes a stride of from 30 to 36 inches. This causes muscular pull and effort from the waist down the whole length of the leg and hip. A woman in high heels, even in so-called sensible Cuban heels, takes a teetering, clumping step of less than two feet. There is no muscular action or interplay. Only the calves and ankles get a little work. Therefore a characteristic of American women, even the young and slim ones (with the exception of those who are willing to walk a great deal in low heels), is big thighs—legs which instead of growing smaller above the knee, like an athlete's, grow continuously larger.

"Savage women who go barefoot never have such thighs. Moreover, women who will wear nothing but Cuban or high heels walk the very minimum. No wonder the blubber accumulates from waist to knees. It would do all women good to walk and run about six miles a day." (*Continued on page 56*)

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The Brantland Heir

By MARK O'NEIL

Illustrated by LOWE BIEDENMEISTER

The true story of the kidnapping of a child and how an ice-cream cone led to the solution

"I think I've learned what you want to know," he said quietly

A DROWSY late spring afternoon in the suburbs of a city on the banks of the Schuylkill where a governess sat reading a novel while her charge, an eight-year-old boy, wandered through flower-blown meadows, flying a pig-tailed kite: this peaceful picture became the focal point of a drama that suddenly startled half the world. For when the governess, rapt in the adventures of romantic lovers, paused in her story to find her ward for the return journey to his Germantown home, she searched and called for him in vain.

She hurried to the house by the horse-drawn conveyance which she herself drove on outings with her employer's son. She thought that the child had playfully run away to surprise her on her return. But there was no sign of him, and after a search first anxious, then frantic, she hurried home. The police were notified that Elbert Brantland was lost, stolen or strayed.

The Brantland house became alive with reporters, who rushed to the scene on the heel of late evening editions. County and city detectives scoured the riverside and maintained a febrile watch on the lordly avenue where the Brantlands lived. The governess was riddled with questions and cross-questions, adding nothing to the fact as she had first simply narrated them: that the child had run away to play alone and had vanished.

The youngster's mother and father, a socially prominent couple, sat for hours with the police in their living-room, emptying their memories for clues to hatreds or enmities that might have led somebody with a grudge to take revenge.

MRS. BRANTLAND, an aristocratic young woman, was roundly abusing the thick-set chief of detectives when Elbert Grantland, the husband's father, for whom the missing boy was named, motored from his law office. The old man, a wealthy and hard-headed citizen, assumed command the moment he appeared. He instantly ordered the police to confine their attentions to a physical search for his missing grandson, while to the press he announced a reward of $10,000 for the person who discovered the boy or for information leading to the arrest of whoever was responsible for his disappearance. Then he summoned from New York Thomas Coyle, the head of a private detective agency that had served him in many confidential investigations.

Coyle arrived in Philadelphia, using the journey to acquaint himself with the published reports of the child's disappearance in New York newspapers. In a cab on the way to the Brantland home he steeled himself against a poignant encounter with the parents. He was surprised to find old Elbert Brantland alone in the study of the Brantland home.

"My son," the old man explained when the gray-haired detective had seated himself behind a closed door, "is at police headquarters waiting for any possible report from the district police station."

"Where's the mother, or is she too ill to come down?" asked Coyle.

"Clare has gone to her people in Kensington," said Brantland. "It so happens that her younger sister is being married tonight, and we urged her to attend so that her mind could be taken off this dreadful business."

Coyle instantly inquired for the governess, who had been the last known person to see the missing child. She was a Miss Aker, a quiet young woman who had been in the service of the family for more than seven years and had had charge of the child since infancy, combining the functions of nurse and governess. She had been upset by continued grilling from the police, and had difficulty in surviving the fresh ordeal to which Coyle subjected her. But although he plied her with questions as to her past life that the police had been too hurried or too considerate to ask, she could tell him nothing that shed further light on the child's disappearance. Finally Coyle excused her, and she left the room, weeping.

"Of course," said old Brantland, "she's to blame for neglecting to watch the child. But the important thing is to find him, not to find fault with a careless servant."

"Can you call her back?" said Coyle. "I forgot to ask one question."

The old man shook his head.

"If you think she's got anything to do with it, say so at once," he rumbled. "We'll swear out charges and put her in prison. I'll take the risk."

"No," said Coyle, "but I'd like to know the name of the book she was reading this afternoon."

"There it is," said Brantland impatiently.

Coyle glanced at its title: "Daniel Deronda," by George Eliot.

"Does that help any?" asked the old man.

"I can't say it does," Coyle mused. Then he subjected the old man to an exhaustive questioning about his own past. Old Brantland, eying the detective under shaggy eyebrows, answered all his questions, frankly admitting that certain litigants he had defeated, through methods best known to himself, might have been inspired to this desperate measure of reprisal.

"That (*Continued on page 42*)

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Ring Lardner

By JOHN N. WHEELER

Introduction

ONE of the many names I am called in the appended article is "a stickler for accuracy." If ever I am asked to write an article about the writer of this one, you may rest assured I will not call him that. His anecdote concerning Hugh Fullerton and me is true in every respect except that it happened to two other fellows. And the one about Eddie Collins never taking a drink—well, the answer to that is that the Collins boy lives in Lansdowne, a suburb of Philadelphia, where even Baby's first bottle comes from the Haig Brothers' dairy.

I could go on and point out a dozen other trivial errata, but the article itself seems long enough without being aggravated by a comprehensive introduction. In fact, when she to whom, when we are alone, I refer as Mrs. Lardner for lack of a more poignant name—when she, I say, read the manuscript, she suggested that it would be less of a strain on subscribers if Collier's were to run it serially.

What I will, and do, call Mr. Wheeler is redundant. You take, for example, the sentence where he refers to a "half-stewed comic artist." Aren't there twice as many words there as necessary? Has anyone ever heard of a comic artist who wasn't—but I too am getting verbose.

RING LARDNER.

RING LARDNER scares most of the people who meet him. Usually it is his countenance, of polished Syracuse limestone, Numidian marble, and onyx—one of the finest examples of the early Egyptian dynasties. But sometimes it isn't.

A friend of Ring's collects celebrities. One Sunday afternoon Ring stepped in and was rushed up to the head of the receiving line. The introduction was made.

"This is Prince Jazzbo of Jazzbonia."

"What of it?" replied Lardner, without changing his expression.

Yet I have seen a half-stewed comic artist scare Lardner, so what matchmaker is going to figure that out?

He went to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans not long ago and found himself backed into a corner by a Southerner. This gentleman had climbed hand over hand to the top of his family tree before Ring got a word in edgeways. When he did he began, without haste or passion:

"If you would be interested in my family, I was born in Niles, Mich., of colored parents—"

Houdini never got out quicker.

Lardner was an important member of a quartet which existed and even flourished in the old Cubs, and he wrote songs. He heard a song called "I'm a Little Prairie Flower" and formed a quartet of White Sox players. They sang it so feelingly on the way back to Chicago in the world series in 1917 that Mrs. Collins thought Eddie was drunk, although she knew he never took a drink.

I asked Ring to tell me something about the songs he has written. In his reply, notice the exact date he gives. He is a stickler for accuracy always. The second song he mentions was composed in the 1919 world series—the one that had a slight smell about it.

Dear Sir:

On the night of June 30, 1919, the night before the first Volstead law went into "effect," the correspondents who were in Toledo for the Willard-Dempsey "fight" were entertained at the home of Herman Saxon, a Toledo theatre owner. He had a bar and a piano and everything.

That night I made up words and music of a song refrain called Toledo Blues (we were pretty tired of the assignment by that time), and it was learned and sung by a chorus composed of Tad, Tiny Maxwell, Jimmy Isaminger, Harry Witwer, Rube Goldberg and all the rest of the stews. The words were:

I guess I've got those there Toledo Blues,
About this fight I simply can't enthuse,
I do not care if Dempsey win or lose,
Owing to the fact I've got Toledo Blues.

But here is another one you may remember, written by me, in collaboration with Jim Crusinberry, Tiny Maxwell, and Nick Flatley, to the tune of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" and sung at a roadhouse in Bellevue, Ky., just outside of Cincinnati, during the 1919 world series:

I'm forever blowing ball games,
Pretty ball games in the air.
I come from Chi.,
I hardly try,
Just go to bat and fade and die.
Fortune's coming my way,
That's why I don't care.
I'm forever blowing ball games,
For the gamblers treat me fair.

Three of the Cincinnati players were in our party and seemed to enjoy the song. R. W. L.

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Ring Lardner and she to whom he refers as Mrs. Lardner "when they are alone"

The Ring and the Pug

ONCE a magazine editor requested an article by Lardner on Success, and Ring produced a piece showing how he had undertaken to be a song writer and, figuring his time at fifty cents an hour, had lost something like $10,000. That is one of the few things Lardner has ever done that got a rejection.

Since his great success as a writer the highbrows have taken up Lardner, and he is invited to all sorts of literary and social functions, some of which he likes and some of which bore him to death. He is a curious mixture of the intellectual and the highly human; many of his best friends have been and are lowbrows, ball players, bartenders and prize fighters, active or retired—the bartenders being most retired.

Maybe you have heard of Ring as a humorist.

Well, if you meet him, don't expect him to grab you by the lapel and begin:

"Did you hear the one about the Scot who was learning the Charleston?"

Ring hates funny stories, sincerely and deeply. If you make the mistake of saying to him, "Did you hear the one about—" he will reply, "yes," at that point. It generally stops the story.

He is funny, but you have to listen closely to get it. "Why," I asked, "do you detest funny stories?" And he came back with: "Because most of them are so old and most of them aren't funny and most people are rotten story-tellers."

So many people expected funny stories from Lardner that he worked up a long, rambling story about two little girls named Pat and Mike who had a Lithuanian nurse. In this he was aided and abetted by Joe Farrell, a member of Comiskey's kitchen cabinet. At prearranged places Farrell would burst into roars of laughter and clap people on the back. Ring, without change of expression, would go on with the yarn.

The climax was when the house caught fire; Pat and Mike and the nurse were burned to death. Of course there was at no point anything to laugh at, but the audience always laughed for fear of being considered stupid.

In one of his newspaper articles Lardner was discussing a ham-and-egg fighter loudly touted by his manager as a heavyweight prospect. Ring outlined the fighter's daily routine:

"Young Dorval is in training all the time. From 6 to 7 in the A. M. he does road work for a paving concern. From 7 to 12 he eats his breakfast, usually a wolf or bear and the inevitable sweet (*Continued on page 44*)

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Sea Gold

The story of an old salt who dreamed of owning a chicken farm

By COREY FORD

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

"I'd give up my job in a minute to be in your shoes"

THE sun did things to your eyes. It laid flat flakes of gold upon the uneasy sea, and the leaping, jagged waves against the horizon glittered like a heap of metal slag. In the white distance the light glinted on the wings of a flock of gulls, and they flashed into sight and out of sight mysteriously as they skimmed and traced the tiny bobbing peaks. The planes of gold continuously shifted in the path of the noon sun like sliding coins.

Aldo Pratt sucked his pipe with a comfortable bubble, spat, and shifted it in his teeth as he turned the wheel. He blinked. Damn sun got in his eyes. He squinted at the far horizon, and his face creased into weathered lines. Bright enough to blind a fellow today. Damn sea shining as if it was gold. It hurt his eyes, by gorry! His eyes wasn't what they used to be. He wasn't so young as once, for a fact. Time a fellow like him thought of settling down. He removed his pipe, scraped the back of a hand like a hard shell across his stained mustache, and wiped it dry upon his sweater. High time he quit the sea, by gorry! Nothing but sun in his eyes.

Them gulls, now. Unconsciously his hand shifted the wheel a degree or so in their direction, and two crow's-feet of wrinkles sprang at the corner of either eye. Them gulls reminded him of jest one thing. Jest one thing them gulls suggested to him, and that was chickens. Chickens, by gorry! Leave this damn life at sea, and get him a nice comfortable farm somewhere and raise chickens. Somewheres in Connecticut, maybe. Nothing to do but raise chickens; no sun in his eyes, no wind and rain, nothing only sit on his porch and watch them lay eggs one after another. Think of having a farm of his own instead of sailing up and down the coast year in, year out, all kinds of weather. A chicken farm. There was a thing.

"Tell you, Jo," he mused to his mate, "a chicken farm would be mighty nice for a feller, like, wouldn't it?"

"Still on them chickens," grinned Jo. "You been talkin' raisin' chickens for ten years, Al."

"Well, it would be a mighty nice thing, just the same," insisted Aldo. "Just to retire on to a farm, like, and buy a lot of chickens. . . ."

He was getting too old to go to sea, anyhow. Time he settled down. Jo was right. Ten years he'd been planning that chicken farm. No, sir, longer than that, by gorry: twenty years! 'Long as he could remember, he'd always wanted to leave the sea and settle down somewhere. High time he quit. He was getting on. Sixty was time a fellow started thinking. Sixty was time for a man to take up something steady, like chickens. Funny how them gulls kep' rememberin' him of chickens. He drummed out the bowl of his pipe absently on the wheel.

"Jo," he remarked, "notice how them gulls is hangin' together so close? Pretty fur out for them, ain't it?"

"Prob'ly a dead codfish or somethin' or other."

"Gulls don't act like that over no dead codfish. I'll ease her over a mite; you take the wheel and I'll run up for'd and have a look. It might be somethin'."

"It ain't nothin', only a lump of somethin' yellow."

"Heave to, anyhow, till I get this net." Aldo busied himself with strands of whitened rope. "It won't hurt none to have a look at it."

"Looks like wax," said Jo curiously. "An' it prob'ly smells. Better chuck it back, if I was you, Aldo."

"I'll just haul it up and see," Aldo drawled, swinging the net far over the side. "Don't it look like gold, almost? Funny if it *was* somethin'. . . ."

WHEN the lump of ambergris was brought ashore and weighed, it was discovered to total over twenty-five pounds, a record haul for that part of the sea. Its actual value was a burning question in the little coastal town where the Martha Tolle lay patiently at anchor. From the gray-bearded circle about the stove in the general store vague rumors of a fabulous price spread rapidly, gathering momentum as they ran, and arriving at last, swollen and distorted beyond recognition, at the fountainhead whence they had sprung.

It was worth $100 a pound, Lawyer Parsons had said. It was worth $500 a pound. Aldo would be a fool to take a cent less'n a thousand. A wealthy perfume manufacturer from Perth Amboy was hurrying south on the heels of a night letter to Aldo—the telegraph operator himself was responsible for this information—with an offer of $5,000—$10,000—$50,000 and a partnership in the business. There were stories of a vaudeville contract. Two reporters had been down from the city. A photograph of Aldo, his left hand resting on the precious lump and his glassy eyes staring straight into the camera, had appeared the day before in a New York City tabloid—the postmaster was said to have a copy—above the startling caption: Aged Seaman Finds Fortune in Ambergris: Sea Gulls Reveal Sperm Whale's Secret. And through it all, day after day, Aldo sat solemnly beside his treasure in a waterfront bar, his pipe gargling in fitful puffs, his dazed eyes staring out to sea.

Jo replaced the tarpaulin carefully about the lump of ambergris, rose, and dusted his (*Continued on page 56*)

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Free, White and Female

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

The Story Thus Far: MR. TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) come up against a difficult problem when their sister, Martha, announces that she is going to live her own life.

The Blades, enemies of several generations' standing because Mortimer Blade's great-great-grandfather seduced Martha's great-great-grandaunt, live near the Bundys.

In New York Marty sees a good deal of Mortimer and of Richard Lame, whose last name translated means blade and who strongly resembles Mortimer. She goes to Miss Patty's, a speak-easy, with Mortimer, and Gelon and Theron, two of the twins, arrive and beat Mortimer up. Mortimer swears revenge.

The Bundys meantime take out a mortgage on the estate and are out to make a million dollars on a real-estate venture. The Blades determine to ruin them financially.

Marty goes to dine with Mortimer at a movie magnate's apartment. The man's name is Colburn. Jealous of Marty, Colburn's paramour kills him and flees. Marty unconsciously picks up the gun. She and Blade flee to Miss Patty's, where they find a party of people, including Marty's father.

"I—I never saw him before tonight—not until I stepped into that room"

"NOW, what," asked Gelon, "was the idea of that?"

"I'd say," said Pythias, "that somebody didn't wish us good luck."

"If it was a joke," said Theron, "it borders on the practical."

"Pa wouldn't like it," said Damon. "And where is Pa?"

"Cutting up a caper," said Gelon.

"Elderly gentlemen shouldn't cut up capers without leaving their address," said Pythias.

"He said it was none of our business," said Damon.

"Which means," said Theron, "that it was."

"I see by the paper another movie magnate was shot up," said Gelon.

"Pa didn't do that," said Damon. "It's not his style."

"No, but it would be his style to shoot up the fellow that touched off the dynamite," said Theron.

"And practically ruined the trenching machine," said Gelon. "Pa would be irritated."

"So am I," said Pythias. "Who's sore at this job?"

"Nobody I know of," said Damon. "It's a peaceable job."

"It looks like a battle field," said Gelon.

"And where," asked Theron, "do we get another gadget to dig ditches?"

"Maybe Pa'll come dragging one home," said Pythias.

"More apt to be telephoning for bail," said Damon. "He's a rascal."

"Bet he's riding hard on Marty," said Gelon. "He's been getting restive."

"Said we weren't diplomatic," said Damon.

"LISTEN, fellows," said Pythias, "when you come to think of it, there's a lad with a grouch."

"Who—Mortimer Blade?"

"Him."

"He wears striped pants afternoons. Don't believe he'd run to dynamite. It's dirty."

"All the same, he and his father have been eying this job of work."

"Like a cat eyes a canary," said Pythias.

"I wish it would turn out to be him," said Gelon.

"Be funny to see Pa sock the elder Mr. Blade."

"Wouldn't go a round," said Damon. "Pa's a hard egg for his age."

"Even if he can't drive a car, he's a cagy bird," said Gelon.

"Don't ever let him hear you say so," said Pythias.

"It would go to his head," said Damon. "Hard enough to hold him down now."

"I wonder who shot up that movie man?" asked Gelon.

"Don't ask me," said Theron. "The police are baffled again."

"Bet there's something smelly about it," said Pythias. "Why can movie folks pull rottener scandals than anybody else?"

"Not used to prosperity," said Damon. "Ten years away from peddling shoe laces. Can't expect them to bring off a gentlemanly scandal."

"Jap servant found him very dead," said Gelon.

"All alone, but four used cocktail glasses," said Theron.

"Table set for four, and dinner ready to serve," said Pythias.

"One of those parties," said Damon.

"Police are looking for a man and two women," said Gelon.

"What makes 'em think so?"

"Logic. Police are great on logic. They reason."

"Not traffic cops," said Theron with feeling. "They're awful impulsive."

"Jap claims he saw a man and a woman leave the building," said Pythias.

"Didn't recognize 'em though," said Damon.

"I wonder," said Gelon. "Maybe that's up their sleeve."

"Devil of a mess for somebody," said Theron. "It's always the innocent party that gets cramped in these blow-offs. Woman shot him, of course."

"Or a man," said Pythias.

"Or a suicide," said Damon.

"Which don't get us another ditch digger," said Gelon.

"Where's that contractor man?"

"Crying in the ruins," said Theron. "Here he comes."

"Ask him questions," said Pythias. "Maybe he's got some answers."

"A man," said Damon, "who digs ditches for a living doesn't need any answers. He just digs."

"He knows where he got the thingumbob, anyhow," said Gelon, "and how long it'll take to get another."

The contractor did know. It would take a month, and, anyhow, he wanted to throw up the contract.

"Why?" asked Pythias.

"Somethin' ails the men," said the contractor.

"Something always ails the men, doesn't it?" asked Damon.

"I can't afford to have costly equipment destroyed," said the contractor. "I don't understand it. I got no quarrel with labor; they got no quarrel with me. None of my gang blowed it up."

"Who, then?" asked Damon.

"You tell," invited the contractor.

"ANYHOW," said Gelon, "we can't wait a month."

"Can't get a machine under that," said the contractor.

"I'll bet you," said Theron, "a five-spot we can."

"Go to it," said the contractor.

"Where you going?" Gelon called after his twin, who had turned away.

"After a ditch digger," said Theron.

"I'm in," said Gelon, "hold on."

"Have it here by morning," said Pythias.

"Try it," said the contractor.

"How much," asked Damon, "you got that says I don't?"

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Marty finds herself living under a black cloud of fear and guilt

"I'll say you are in a jam. How long have you been playing around with Colburn?"

"Who'll run it?" asked the contractor.

"Your gang?" said Pythias.

"Not them. They quit. Didn't give no reason."

"Strike?"

"No. Quit. Through with the job."

"So," said Damon, "are you. We want a contractor that doesn't have things blown up."

"Because," said Pythias, "we're in a hurry."

"It'd have to happen when Pa was away," said Damon.

"Fine for him," said Pythias. "Now he can always say it wouldn't have if he'd been here."

"I bet we have to go find him," said Damon.

"Said he could get him a girl if he wanted," said Pythias.

"These flappers," said Damon, "fall for the aged."

"If," said Pythias, "a flapper picked up Pa for an easy mark, she'd blister her fingers."

"Don't let him know we think so," said Damon. "Headstrong old party. We might get us a ma-in-law or a step-ma or whatever one would be."

"Nope," said Pythias, "he carries Ma's picture in his watch."

"The Bundys," said Damon, "were always one-woman men."

"Ain't Marty the little fool?" demanded Pythias.

"The Bundy women always were," said Damon.

"Runs 'em *whang* into scandal," said Pythias.

"Hope we don't have to drag Marty out of anything."

"Most likely will," said Pythias philosophically.

"Wish Pa would come home."

"Always feel easier when he's around."

"Dependable egg in a jam," said Damon.

"And we're in a jam."

"What's she want to run around with Blade for?"

"Just to show us," said Pythias.

"Vindictive cuss," said Damon.

"Eyes too close together," said Pythias.

"There's the old man now, over on the road. Rubbering."

"Let's draw near. Maybe we can disgruntle him."

"FINE. Believe you me, Pythias, if I thought they had anything to do with this dynamite it would be open season for Blades."

"We'll be astute," said Pythias. "Maybe we can draw him."

They walked across the staked field and drew near the roadster in which sat Mr. Roswell Blade.

"Looks like what the well-dressed man wears in the morning," said Damon.

"Glad Pa's pants bag at the knees," said Pythias.

Presently they stood beside the concrete, and Mr. Blade bowed with some affability.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," said Pythias.

"The work," said Mr. Blade, "is progressing."

"By leaps and bounds," said Damon.

"A large undertaking," said Mr. Blade.

"We're an enterprising family," said Pythias.

"But," said Mr. Blade, "work seems to have stopped today."

"So," said Damon, "it does."

"An accident?" asked Mr. Blade, peering at the twisted remnants of the ditching machine.

"You might call it that," said Pythias.

"But we don't," said Damon.

"It's what the diplomatic birds call an overt act," said Pythias.

"Of war," said Damon.

"You don't mean the thing was intentional?"

"Unless," said Pythias, "the fellow did it absent-mindedly."

"And put dynamite in the tank instead of gasoline," said Damon.

"Ah," said Mr. Blade gravely. "A serious delay, I fear."

"It would be—to anybody else," said Pythias.

"We've got other plans," said Damon.

"Ah," said Mr. Blade a second time. He moved his head from side to side. "An expensive operation," he said.

"You can't," said Pythias, "plant potatoes and grow dahlias."

"I trust," said Mr. Blade, "it will turn out as you hope."

"So do we," said Damon.

"Because," said Mr. Blade, "I have a material interest."

"Ah," said Pythias, but not in the same tone Mr. Blade had used.

"A financial interest," said Mr. Blade.

"Really!" said Damon.

"As," said Mr. Blade, "a creditor."

The twins did not look at each other, but each set up busily an activity of thinking. Mr. Blade a creditor! If so, it was from choice and not to their advantage.

"Your home," said Mr. Blade, "and estate have been in the family some time."

"Some generations," said Damon, "before our great-great-grandfather gave his attention to your great-grandfather."

"Yet," said Mr. Blade, "you have thought so well of this project as to mortgage the property."

"The mortgage," said Pythias, "is a public record."

"So," said Mr. Blade, "is the transfer."

"Unquestionably," said Damon, "if there is one."

"Exactly," said Mr. Blade. He sat silent for a moment. "Well," he said suavely, "I trust this bit of ill luck is merely an incident."

"In which pious thought," said Pythias, "we concur."

"Good morning," said Mr. Blade, starting his car.

"Good morning," said Damon.

"Good morning," said Pythias.

They watched him drive away; then Pythias turned abruptly across the road.

"Going where?" asked Damon.

"Courthouse," said Pythias.

"Same thought," said Damon.

"He's eaten the canary."

"And we better find out what canary."

"By heck, I wish Pa would come home."

"We'll need all hands, by the looks."

"Otherwise," said Pythias, "he wouldn't have bragged."

"Mortgage transfer," said Damon.

"Bank holds that mortgage," said Pythias.

"Did hold it," said Damon.

THEY walked rapidly down the turnpike to the next broad road and turned to the right, proceeding until they reached the courthouse, which they entered. Damon inquired the way to that department which kept the records of transactions in land, where a clerk known to them since boyhood helped in their quest. The book of mortgage transfers gave them pointed information. The mortgage on the Bundy property no longer was held by the bank: for a good and valuable consideration it had been transferred to the joint names of Roswell and Mortimer Blade!

"Now," said Damon, "we know."

"Who cut down the cherry tree," said Pythias.

"He had to brag," said Damon.

"The ditching-machine episode encouraged him," said Pythias.

"Wanted to make us unhappy," said Damon.

"We Bundys," said Pythias, "get morose when we're unhappy."

"And bite," said his brother. "We got to get in touch with Pa."

"Family council pronto," said Pythias.

"So he aims to gaffle on to the ancestral acres," said Damon.

"I guess," said Pythias, "nothing would hurt worse."

"Except," said Damon, "something happening to Marty."

"Darn handsome girl," said Pythias.

"They wouldn't be above it."

"A couple of generations of Blades have died natural deaths," said Pythias.

"That's (*Continued on page 38*)

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The War is Over

No one knows what war is really like except those who bear the scars

A Short Short Story

By DREW HILL

Lowry seemed to have only just noticed the third member of our party

Illustrated by ROBB BEEBE

OUR red-faced guide opened the door of the car and motioned us to enter.

"Messieurs," he said, in his not bad English, "we go now."

The middle-aged man standing next to me—Lowry he'd said his name was—nodded. "Suits me," he remarked, and stepped into the car.

I followed him. It was then I noticed the third member of our touring party for the first time. She was waiting in the car.

Lowry seemed to have only just noticed her too as he edged along the rear seat to make room for me. As I closed the car door I heard him say to her, "Oh—er—excuse me, madam, I'd forgotten—" He hesitated an instant, then added, "My name is Lowry and"—he nodded toward me—"this is Mr. Wayne."

Lowry, of course, thought she was an American. I did too for a moment. A logical assumption, since our destination was the American battle fields. She was a woman of about fifty-five, with hair the color of wood ashes, and the kindest, softest, yet most piercing blue eyes I had ever seen.

She spoke to us in slightly broken French.

"Pardon, messieurs." Her voice had a soft throatiness. "I talk no word of English, and only the worst of French, as you see. You are Americans?" She smiled and added, "But naturally."

My own knowledge of French was even more limited, but I managed a suitable reply, and leaned back. Lowry turned to me and asked, "What did she say? Isn't she an American?"

I shook my head. "No. And she was apologizing for not being able to speak English."

"Yes, but—" Lowry glanced at the woman quickly, then at me again. "She's French, then?"

I told him I didn't know, and gazed out at the early-morning Paris traffic. Certainly if I had discovered one characteristic of Lowry's in our conversation while we waited to start, it was his persistence—thorough persistence. He wanted to know the meaning of everything, and he kept after you till he got it—all of it. He was the head of some leather concern in Massachusetts. The kind of man who would be the head of anything. Square-jawed, forceful, dominant.

All the way out from Paris, and until the guide began to point out the first scattered places of interest, Lowry kept up a running fire of conversation. Alternating between questioning the guide about different things and discussing the answers with me in detail. Once or twice he mentioned an older son of his who had not been among those that were "sent over" during the war.

"A great disappointment to me, Wayne. A blamed sight greater to the boy, I guess."

Lowry paused, and sighed. Then, "You say you were in Flanders, Wayne?"

"Yes—with the 27th New York."

"See much fighting—I mean right in it?"

"Well, there were five men left in our company after our last attack. I was one of them."

"Hm-m." Lowry looked at me eagerly, as though he expected me to go on. And when I didn't his face took on a puzzled expression.

He said: "Lord, I envy you! I'd liked to have had a whack at those Germans myself."

The guide interrupted us to call our attention to a house that had been Marshal Joffre's headquarters during the First Battle of the Marne.

"Who?" Lowry said. "Joffre? Here—let's stop. I want to see that."

"But, monsieur," protested the guide, "it is not different from other houses you see here, only it is now a place of honor—"

"Want to see it, though," Lowry insisted. He was nearest the door, and got out.

I NOTICED the woman next to me watching him curiously, and I made as though to wait for her to leave the car. She shook her head. "Merci, monsieur, but this—this is not what I—" She stopped abruptly.

During the next two hours we must have stopped at or gone out of our way to visit a dozen unscheduled places, solely for Lowry's benefit. Yet nothing seemed wholly to satisfy him.

Once the three of us were standing at a crossroads that had marked, one morning nine years before, the starting point of an attack.

The guide had been explaining the details of the attack, when Lowry abruptly interrupted him with an impatient gesture. "But, look here, man, I've read most of these things you've been talking about! Read 'em a hundred times—until I decided to come over and *see* what all the war was really like. But you haven't shown me anything that's much different from our own Western bad lands." He paused and swept his hand around. "What's all this but an ordinary field? I mean, where are all the trenches, shell holes, barbed wire and what not I've heard tell about? All I've seen has been a few filled-in ditches and tumbledown houses—nothing impressive. Where—well, where *is* the war?"

The guide shrugged in a characteristic French manner. "I am sorry, monsieur, but what is here is here. Much is changed in nine years—much we have tried to repair."

He smiled significantly, and added, "If monsieur perhaps had been in the war, he would see more—of what we remember."

"Yes, but—oh, well, guess I'm getting too fussy about things. Sorry—only I thought—"

I felt a little sorry for Lowry then. He was trying so hard to grasp it all—to feel it. And he couldn't.

As we started along the road again I motioned Lowry to look out at something which in the last hour had become quite a common sight: row after row of small wooden crosses standing in segregated square plots. Hundreds of them—seemingly thousands of them. White crosses marking the Allied dead. Near them, the black crosses of the German dead.

"Doesn't that tell you something?" I asked him.

"Yes—in a way," he admitted, "except that—oh, I don't know. Funny thing, though—I've always wondered why they buried the Germans next to our fellows."

The car halted suddenly. As I glanced up inquiringly the guide turned and appeared to be going to question the woman, when she nodded her head and reached for the door handle. The guide stepped down and held the door open while she got out.

I was about to ask why we had stopped when Lowry called my attention to an old machine-gun "pill box" on the other side of the road. Before I could look around again he had led me out of the car to investigate it at closer range.

We had hardly reached the low cement "pill box" when I looked to see the guide standing next to us. I hadn't observed that he'd followed us. He tapped Lowry's arm.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said quickly, "but you have asked to see something of war, is it not so?" Then he suddenly pointed back of him, lowered his voice: "Voilà—it is there. That is war, monsieur."

WE TURNED around. The place indicated by the guide's fingers was an inclosure of black crosses, a smaller plot than most, just off the opposite road. But what immediately held my gaze and brought a lump to my throat was the woman who, a few moments before, had left the car for the first time. She was now kneeling beside one of these black crosses. And as we gazed her hand rose to her mouth to stifle a cr—and she suddenly crumpled forward across the mound beneath the black cross.

I glanced at Lowry. His eyes had grown rather wide—his whole expression changed, softened, almost relaxed. Still watching the woman, he slowly removed his hat, and the fingers of his other hand brushed clumsily at his eyes.

I think he understood then.

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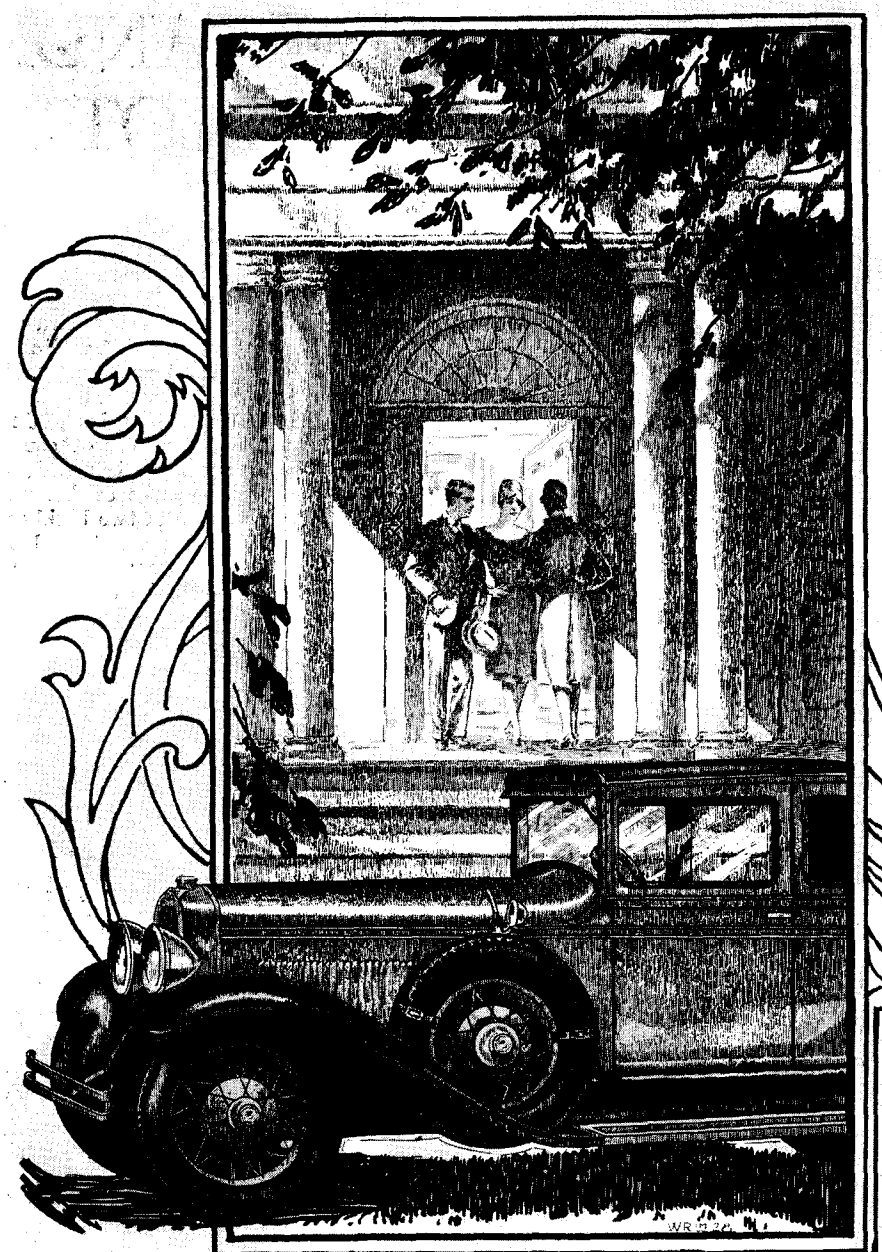

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Murder at 8:30 Sharp

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

THIS is a banner season for the sharp-eyed lads who love to discover that the parson in the last act was the dirty blackmailer who died the death in the first act. With the great mortality of actors in the current dramas, managers have to do *something* to shorten their pay rolls.

Ann Harding "tortured" in The Trial of Mary Dugan

IF THE historian of the American theatre does not lose his mind, such as it is, he will recall the season of 1927-1928 as the year in which the drama went in for homicide in a serious way.

"If I've seen one murder play this winter," you may have heard someone say, "I've seen a dozen."

But, after all, it might also be predicted in advance that when you do see one successful murder play, you are likely for that very reason to see a dozen more. For plays and pictures (like historical novels and haircuts and dance steps) are wont to run in shoals.

"No costume pictures," says the movie magnate firmly, as he rings the bell for a flock of office boys to fling the young author out into the street. "We won't even consider a story that does not call for modern dress. They," he adds without further defining the multiple tyrant, "won't stand for costume pictures."

"What Did I Tell You?"

THEN some other producer presents a movie in which ruffs and kirtles abound, to say nothing of doublet and hose, plumed hats and gleaming swords. It catches the country's fancy. The churning line at the nearest box office coils round the block and strangles the traffic. The reserves are rushed to the scene. The critics go into ecstasies, and the trade journals fairly tremble with excitement as they report the gross receipts and wildly estimate the profits.

"Now here's an idea for you," says the unabashed magnate, whose office boys have hastily retrieved the young author from the sidewalk, dusted him off and led him back into the dread presence. "Why can't you give us something in the costume line? They," he adds in the authoritative tone of one whose sensitive hand is ever on the pulse of the nation—"they want costume pictures."

For there is no game at which any of us is so adept as the good old game of follow-the-leader. The least of us can do what the next man is doing. Thus does the mere onlooker get a hazy notion that there are tides in public taste, fashions in pictures, fashions in plays. For in the three-dimensional theatre the managers are at least as sheeplike.

One of them will tilt back his hat, shift his cigar to a more aggressive angle, and adopt a fatherly tone toward the stupefied playwright sitting on the other side of his desk.

"Sweetheart," he will say, "I have been in this here business for thirty years, and I tell you that what the public wants today is a good laff. There's enough trouble in this old world of ours without going to the theatre to look for more of it. They," he adds, "want comedy."

Then an actress like Helen Hayes comes to Broadway in a tragedy like Coquette. It is a small-town dinner-coat-and-taffeta Romeo and Juliet—a sad little play about a Southern belle whose indignant father goes into the street and shoots her lover down like a dog. Left behind, she takes the other pistol and kills herself in an accumulation of third-act despair.

Its audiences are racked by the three-ply misery of Coquette. Its players look nightly into a sea of tear-stained faces, and there have to be strategic pauses in the performance lest the best speeches be drowned out by the typhoon sound of a thousand sympathetic noses being blown in unison.

The chroniclers of Broadway trot out the old, old joke about a fortune going to the man who has the handkerchief concession for the Coquette matinées. The New York correspondents of the London papers have a still more picturesque way of reporting the same phenomenon. It is a play, they say, that is sure to "wet the plush."

White

G. Albert Smith and Helen Hayes in Coquette

Its success was immediate, and from the morning after the first New York performance there was as furious a stampede to buy its tickets as if Coquette were a new edition of the Scandals or even an Army-Navy game.

This meant, in turn, that in every managerial sanctum on Broadway the more melancholy manuscripts were at once reëxamined with a kindlier eye and that in many a hall bedroom a discouraged playwright took a rejected tragedy out of his trunk and started it forth once more upon the rounds.

Always Hungry for Murder

"SWEETHEART," says our aforesaid friend of the tilted hat and cigar, "what they want when they go to the theatre is to have a good cry."

For thus does one play induce another, much as one pin in a bowling alley knocks down the next. Some such species of contagion sweeps through the theatre every year. And when the last curtain falls on the theatrical season of 1927-1928 it will be seen in retrospect that this one was above all others the year of murder plays. It seems to me even now that almost every time I put down my program to look up at the stage during the past three months I was just in time to see the leading woman being escorted to the electric chair or to catch the leading man in the act of dropping a mere dash of prussic acid into someone's after-dinner coffee.

I have never known a year in which the American stage was so bestrewn with corpses. It is a kind of return to first principles. For, of course, murder is no new topic in the drama. Indeed, a considerable celebrity has long been the portion of two highly regarded murder plays—Hamlet and Macbeth. The dramatis personæ in Hamlet die like flies, and what with poison, a duel and several really good stabbings the stage in its last act is so thickly carpeted with remains that the occasional survivors have to pick their way as carefully as a cat a-stroll on a mantelpiece full of bric-à-brac.

Seemingly the diagnosticians of the public taste decided last summer, after due consultation with the oracles, that the time had come for another bloodletting in the theatre. And until the appetite was sated the response justified this decision.

For reasons inscrutable, there is always a hunger for tales of murder that leads the best of us to devour every word spoken by a Mrs. Snyder or a Master Hickman while we let the President's message go unread. When I say the best of us I mean not merely you and me. When the late Woodrow Wilson needed a rest from the affairs of state he would turn to the latest hotsy-totsy in detective fiction. Kathleen Norris, after addressing the Federation of Women's Clubs, or, as a loved authoress on exhibition, after reading aloud one of her sweeter stories, likes nothing better than to hurry home, get into something loose and take a good long pull from her collection of murder books, which is, by the way, one of the finest in America.

As one of the earliest curtains of the present season was about to rise on a play called The Letter a very fusillade of pistol shots split that moment of silence which always fills a theatre when the auditorium lights first go out. Then up went the curtain on the spectacle of Katharine Cornell emptying a revolver into a recumbent minor actor. The ensuing play busied itself with the sight of her stretched for three acts on the rack of suspicion, trial, acquittal and confession.

On the other hand, there was no such easy escape for the heroine of Spellbound. This was a candid dramatization of the celebrated Bywaters-Thompson case which fairly rocked Great Britain with excitement some years ago. It was done into a play that afforded Pauline Lord a chance to suffer through a last act which (*Continued on page 49*)

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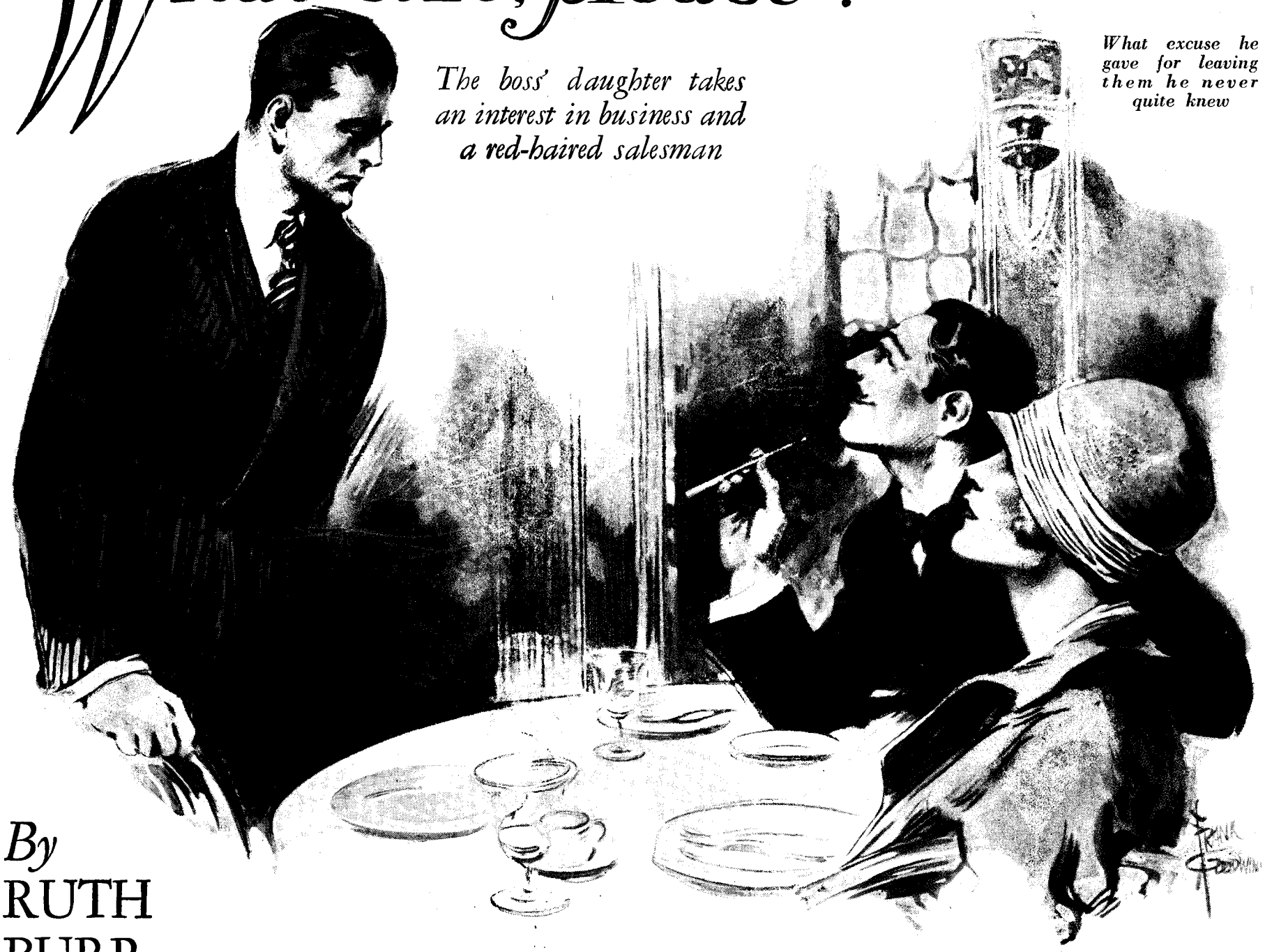

What excuse he gave for leaving them he never quite knew

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

ADAM PAIGE was kneeling at a fair young lady's feet. His knees pressed hard against the floor; his hands, tight-clenched, pressed hard against his knees; his breath came thick and heavy as if it might stop coming altogether. A consciousness of somebody little and radiant and very, very near possessed him. It was that nearness that took his breath away—that and other things.

"Do you suppose you could—

"I mean would you care to try—

"I mean do you think *possibly*—"

He caught a deep breath and leaned forward—blurted it right out: "Do you think possibly you need a larger size? You—you see, your foot looked so little I thought a three would do."

From somewhere up there above his head there came a soft little burst of laughter. "Silly!" said a voice. "I asked you for beige kid with one wide strap, and you're showing me silver with a buckle."

Adam took the silver slippers and stumbled away with them down the long row of customers' chairs to the stock shelves. Although he realized that in his present state it was running a tremendous risk, he climbed the tall ladder to bring down beige kid with one wide strap.

And then, after all, she did not take them.

"Oh, I just wanted to see what you had," she told him lightly. And she gave her toes a flippant little wiggle, right there between his fingers.

Adam put on again her own slim brown pumps. He could not get his eyes above the level of the brown pumps. He saw them turn deliberately, walk away down the rug. At the corner by the main aisle he saw them hesitate. But he did not know that their owner had looked back, just for a fleeting instant—or that, looking back, she had caught the wandering eye of Leon Driver. Leon Driver smiled at her. Then the brown pumps were gone.

LEON DRIVER was the kind of young man who might have been a movie actor if he had not been a shoe salesman—very dark, very handsome, very conscious of both. From his perch at the rear of a foot rest he had a way of tipping up his head, twisting the corner of his mouth into an intimate smile that made certain lady customers buy without a murmur shoes that pinched their toes unmercifully.

Adam Paige had a way with him too—and it was not simply the gentleness of fingers that eased sore old joints into new leather either. But nobody noticed that much.

Leon Driver came walking by now in that jaunty way he had, flipping up a patent-leather with alligator trim and catching it neatly by the heel.

"Well, you cooked your goose, all right, all right," he said encouragingly to Adam.

"Goose?" said Adam vaguely.

"Do you know who that was that you just lost a sale on? That was Joan Causeland, old Jared Causeland's daughter." Jared Causeland was the owner of the Causeland Stores, and of larger portions of the city besides.

"Oh," said Adam. "Daughter."

"And do you know what she's up to?" pursued Leon. "Scouting system, that's what. Old Jared's sending her all over the place. That's how *you* happened to have her to wait on."

"Oh," said Adam.

"It wouldn't surprise me any if there was some shaking up round here when she gets her report in."

"No," said Adam nervously. And he hurried forward to meet old Mrs. Endicott Lowndes, of the sofa-cushion form and fallen arches, who was swaying heavily toward him down the aisle. The fact was, Adam Paige was a good deal shaken up already. He had not been so shaken for two years and three months.

Two years and three months before Adam Paige had lived in Somerset. In the evenings he called on Meta Prendeville. Meta had hair that was too yellow and cheeks that were too pink, and she was too fond of chocolates and rather needed to diet, but in Somerset she was the girl to call on all the same. Adam might have gone on calling if it had not been for Leon Driver.

LEON DRIVER came from the city to spend two weeks' vacation, and he saw right away that Meta was the girl to call on. He talked a great deal about night clubs and wild parties and painting the town in primary colors. When Adam came up one night with a fat box of chocolates under his arm he found him already there beside Meta in the hammock. That didn't matter, of course: Meta always had lots of callers.

But Meta was giggling. "Oh, go on!" she was saying. "I don't care anything about old Carrots-and-Peas."

Leon Driver laughed loudly. "Carrots-and-Peas!" he echoed. "Is that what you call old Adam? Say, that's good! Carrots for his hair . . ."

"And peas for his green eyes," chimed in Meta, delighted by her own cleverness. "Why, I wouldn't be seen out with that old Slow Poke, that old Stick-in-the-Mud, that old—"

Adam gave the fat box of chocolates to his landlady for a farewell present and took the night train to the city.

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"When you look at me like that," said Adam, "I haven't any judgment left"

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

They said in Somerset that he was too flighty ever to amount to much.

Adam found a place in the same department of the same store that employed Leon Driver. He made elaborate plans at first. He would go rolling back to Somerset in his Rolls-Royce; he would go rolling up to the curb in front of Meta's house. And he would *say* to Meta— But Adam never went. You cannot go rolling up in your six-year-old model with snub nose and one and one-half fenders, and boast to a girl who has laughed at you that you have made a wonderful success selling Non-Stumble Footgear to rheumatic old ladies.

Like many other able young men, Adam was caught by the very adequacy with which he filled a job he didn't like. And so presently the world settled down into shoes . . . and shoes . . . and shoes.

ALL shoes were divided into two classes: the exciting kind with high heels and little bright buckles and fringed silk ties, and the flat-bottomed kind (in black only) that Adam sold. The first kind was the kind that interested him. He could tell right off by the shape of a vamp whether that shoe's owner could vamp *him*. He could tell by the turn of a toe whether he should enjoy taking that shoe's owner out to dinner. He never took anyone, though. A girl will laugh at you if you give her half a chance. So Adam never gave one half a chance . . . not after Meta.

When a man like that falls in love, particularly if he falls in love for the first time—and more particularly still if he falls in love for the first time and that at first sight—it always goes hard with him.

It was going hard with Adam already. It had begun to go hard about the time of that flippant little wiggle there between his fingers.

The shaking-up predicted by Leon Driver came two days later, when he and Adam received a summons from the front offices. It was characteristic that Driver expected to be promoted and Adam expected to be fired.

When they arrived there were three people inside the big front office. Under the table on the outside of the mahogany rail was a pair of black satin pumps, with three-inch heels frayed at the edges—party pumps being worn out at the office. That would be the secretary. Inside the rail in the far corner there was a very large, square mahogany desk, and under that were two large, square black boots set on end and slowly waggling. Mr. Jared Causeland. A little to the right of that, hooked carelessly over the rung of her chair by the edges of their heels, and looking absurdly little beside the large, square black boots, were two little brown suède pumps: 3½ Double A. Miss Joan Causeland.

"She's a whiz, all right, all right," Leon Driver was saying.

Joan Causeland, Driver said, had been out for one season and had turned down more suitors than any other ten girls in the city. And then all of a sudden she had grown tired of gold tissue dancing dresses and racing cars and parties and had begun to pull this bluff about being a business woman. Gone to one of those schools. Let her hair grow (she used to have a terrible cute bob) and went in for those little straight dark clothes and high collars. It was a line, of course, but it was a darn clever one. And, say, didn't she look good enough to eat, though, sitting over there?

Other people found old Jared about as easy to handle as a snarl of barbed wire. But just let Joan come near him and he got so soft that you could hear him bubble.

With the other ear Adam listened to scraps of talk that came from the far corner. But he noticed no soft, bubbling sounds.

"Crazy," Mr. Causeland was saying. "Well enough for the dark, lady-killer one, but I can't see the big fellow doing it, not with a flood light."

"Sh-h!" cautioned Joan. "He'll hear you." She bent forward and whispered.

"Humph," said Mr. Causeland—and added something that Adam did not catch.

Jared Causeland leaned back in his chair and silently surveyed the two young men.

"All right," he finally said to Joan. "Have it your own way." And he added, "My daughter's got a scheme for putting a man adviser into our shopping service. Helpful for men shoppers. Women like a man's advice sometimes too, she says. She wants to try you two out for it. Pick one. Only one job. Y'understand?"

"*You* bet," said Leon Driver.

"You mean *me*," cried Adam in consternation, "go round and advise ladies, maybe, what kind of—of *underclothes* to buy?"

"Like as not," said Mr. Causeland. And he grinned.

ADAM was never sure afterward just what happened next. At the time he was aware only of a little pair of brown pumps hurrying across a rug and of Driver's tans and his blacks hurrying after them. How he knew that above the brown pumps there was a little rough brown suit, with a silk shirt, and an orange tie tossed back over a shoulder, or that above the brown suit there was a soft little knot of fair hair pinned flat on a slender, proud young neck, it is impossible to say. Maybe Leon Driver told him. After that Adam was conscious only at intervals.

During one of these intervals Adam found the three of them going down in an elevator. He had never noticed before how high the building was.

"The first thing I'm going to do," Joan Causeland was saying in her most businesslike tone, "is to give you an examination. Now, suppose a young man wanted something for his fiancée's birthday present. What should you advise, Mr. Paige?"

"Well," he said. "There's—there's shoes."

Leon Driver laughed loudly. For some reason it made Adam think of the way he had laughed there on the piazza with Meta.

"I'll tell you what," said Driver. "One of those crystal perfume bottles that, when you squirt it, plays a tune." He illustrated, singing boldly: "'I love you *trooly;* I love but *yooo!* . . .'"

QUITE a long time after that it appeared that they were in the middle of the aisle in front of the hosiery counter.

"Now suppose," she was saying, "that I want to buy some stockings. What are you going to advise?"

"Silk," said Adam. You couldn't fool him there. Stockings came next above shoes. He'd often seen them.

"Silk above the knee?" said Miss Causeland.

"Silk above the knee!" cried Adam. "How should *I* know!"

Joan Causeland was looking at him. "I can see," she said thoughtfully, "that I've got a lot to teach you before you'll be a shopping expert."

Adam Paige learned a lot that spring, there was no getting round it. Joan Causeland taught him.

Joan Causeland took her work at her father's store with great seriousness. Naturally, since she had originated the men's department in the Causeland shopping-service department, she wanted to make a go of it. Naturally she wanted Adam Paige to be a success. She spared no time nor trouble. She even devoted some of her noon hours to business and lunched with Adam so that they might discuss knotty business problems.

The first time this happened Adam did not enjoy himself . . . much. It was only by pretending hard that this was just a conference with the Causeland shopping expert that he was able to go through with the thing at all. The minute he remembered that it was Joan Causeland sitting opposite him across the white and silver of a little table at Guilprey's he had to hold on to the edge of the table to keep the world from wobbling. There was such a roaring in his ears that he had to lean 'way forward—really quite close to Miss Causeland—in order not to miss what she was saying.

"You know," she was saying, "the trouble with you is that you don't half appreciate yourself. It's something I studied at the school—I can't remember what." She added pertly, "Why, I don't believe you even know that you're good-looking."

She was teasing him now all right—Adam could see that. He felt hot color in his face. Old Stick-in-the-Mud. Old Slow Poke. . . .

"Carrots-and-Peas!" he muttered a little wildly.

Miss Causeland glanced hastily at the dish the waiter was just setting down before her. (*Continued on page 45*)

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THOSE ADORABLE CASTILE COMPLEXIONS

never knew a Castile so lovely as Doña

"THE most gorgeous complexions in the world!" So say the women—and especially the men—who have seen the aristocratic women of Castile, of Valencia, of Madrid. The glory of Spain is her women—and *their* glory is their matchless, firm, velvety skin.

Would you know their beauty-secret? They haven't any! Dame Nature has treated them generously. And they have wisely cared for the priceless treasure of a beautiful complexion by using the purest, blandest, most beneficial of all toilet soaps. Really the *only* ideally pure soap for a woman's delicate skin. Castile!

Wishing then to give you the very finest of all possible beauty soaps, what was there left for us but to make a lovelier Castile? And so we did; and so you have today Doña Castile.

And now new virtues in a Castile: Doña will give you an instant, generous lather, even in cold water—instant rinsing too! Doña is moulded in a lovely shape for your hand, sealed in a smart package, as a true beauty soap should be. Yes, at last—a Castile Beauty Soap! Buy it where you buy your toilet soap.

THE TOILET SOAP FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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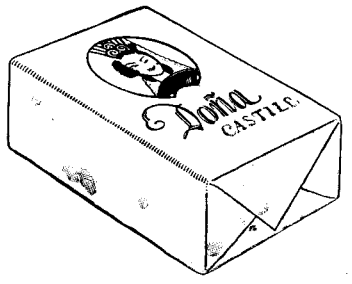
A beautiful picture for your home—Lilith, a lovely Doña Girl in color, ready for framing or to put up on your wall just as it is. (No "advertising" on it, of course.) To cover postage, send 10c with one Doña wrapper to DOÑA, 1335 W. 31 Street, Chicago.

Doña CASTILE



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10 Cents

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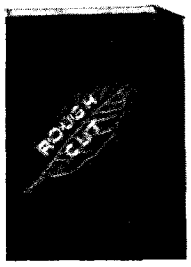
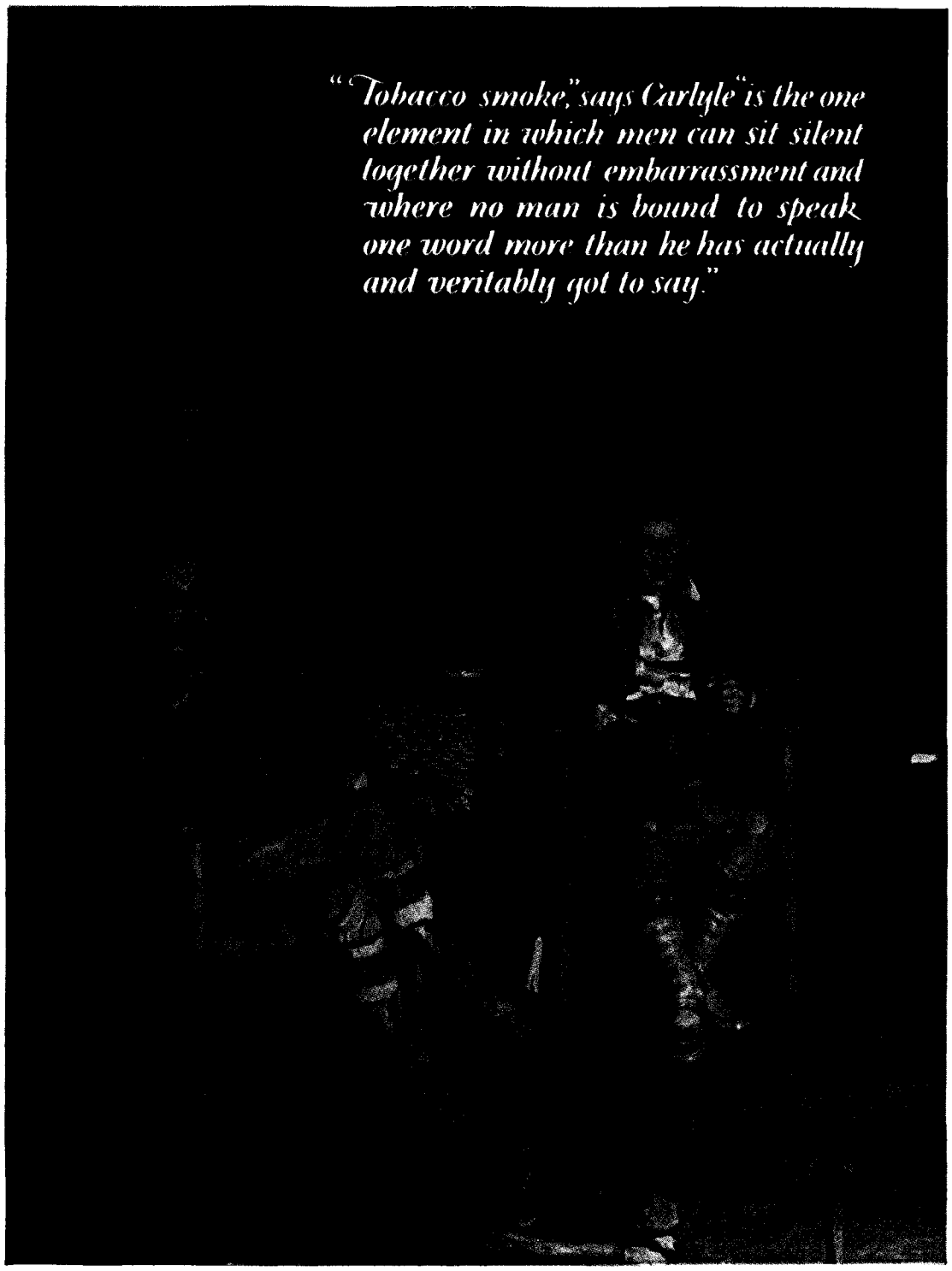


Here, gentlemen, is tobacco that like an old friend, wears exceedingly well!


"Tobacco smoke," says Carlyle "is the one element in which men can sit silent together without embarrassment and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say."

WITH some tobaccos, as with some people, you always feel completely at ease. Just so with Granger Rough Cut.

Here, gentlemen, is one downright comfortable pipe tobacco. Pack up your pipe with Granger and you're at peace with the world. Granger gives just that kind of smoking satisfaction.

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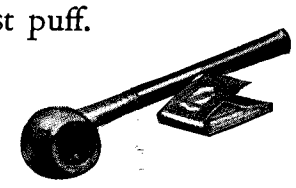

NOTE—*GRANGER is packed in heavy foil instead of costly tin and is priced accordingly, at ten cents the package. Do not let this modest price mislead you, but judge GRANGER solely on its good taste and fine smoking qualities.*

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The Woman Hunters

Wherever he turns Allen Gorham finds himself surrounded by the enemy

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

"So you love Vonny?" she asked. "Don't be absurd," I said. "I've loved only one woman in my life, and you are that woman"

The Story Thus Far:

ALLEN GORHAM, a young New Yorker who earns his living at cards and who left New York in disgrace five years before because of a false accusation of cheating, returns from Europe and lands in the middle of a concerted move against him by a rotter by the name of Runyon, his backer, a man named Calhoun about whom Runyon knows something detrimental, and the gangs at the beck and call of these two men.

Gorham is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace, the daughter of a new millionaire. Runyon is out for her and her thirty millions and will brook no interference. Gorham has no idea of marrying Vonny but determines that a rotter like Runyon will not either.

Gorham is taken up again by Erica Loosich, society leader, but he runs into all sorts of difficulties with Runyon, meets him once face to face and knocks him down, and is finally threatened through a lawyer, Mannering, with a lawsuit by a man named Bleakie from whom he won $16,000 in France at cards. Gorham feels that Runyon is somehow responsible for this suit, and that his cousin Fred Gorham, who hates Allen and who is married to Anita, the only girl Allen has ever loved, is in it too. Allen goes to see Fred, finds him away and then before he knows it Anita is in his arms and his lips pressed to hers.

THERE are no decencies, I long ago discovered, save those that we impose upon ourselves. Whether we call them sins or, more realistically, antisocial acts, our transgressions are held in check by reins of our own devising. For in the great moments of temptation we are steered by no guideposts marked Right or Wrong. Frequently we refrain from something which we feel is right simply because it does not accord with our own special code. We explain our feelings to ourselves by saying that there are certain things we cannot do. But one man can do, with easy conscience, what another man cannot do. Goodness and badness —I find no arbitrary line between the two. All I know is that as years of habit have directed us so we must go.

But a great desire may overcome habit, at least temporarily. I make no pretenses to morality as commonly understood, but I do not like intrigue. I do not like furtive things. Yet here was Anita in my arms, and all the restraints that the habits of decency had imposed upon me were powerless now.

Incoherencies of speech that matched my incoherent thoughts poured from my lips. And she whispered in return utter madnesses. This was the ecstasy of which I had imagined five years ago. I say imagined, for what caresses Anita had granted me in the days of our engagement had been cold things compared to now. Never during the five years had Anita been far from my thoughts. I saw other women only as mirrors which palely reflected her. A jewel seemed always to leave another woman's throat to rest in that divine hollow at the base of hers. If I placed a wrap around other shoulders, it was Anita's soft flesh that the fur embraced. She was the great desire that broke down habit.

That habit was to do no furtive thing. Had Anita boldly come to my arms while Fred Gorham looked on, I would have taken her, would have kept her, and my whole life would have been different.

But this was no bold highway robbery which could be partly condoned because courage was in the deed; this was a sneaking theft. And there is no need so great as to justify the sneak thief. It was I who released her; it was I who pushed her away from me. "I must go," I said.

EVEN in my wildest moments of desire for Anita I had not deluded myself into reading softness in her character. But now her hard blue eyes were melting; the perfect lips that were perhaps a shade too coldly chiseled were soft and warm with life.

"Go? You're never going now," she breathed. "It's been so long, Allen, so terribly long."

Blurred as my thoughts were, hard analysis crept momentarily into them. If it had been long, whose fault had it been? Whose had been the betrayal of trust? The last few moments had shown me, as hope had never been able to show me, what Anita's love could be. I felt a queer resentment toward her because she had withheld from me so long the gift that she alone could make.

Then, as she swayed toward me, resentment was forgotten. What man made of flesh and blood could hold resentment in his mind while he held Anita in his arms?

Once again—and if I seem unchivalrous it is merely because I am trying to be honest, and there will be reflections upon myself in this record—it was I who unclasped her fingers.

"We have to be sane," I said. I tried to laugh as I spoke and I was shocked at the thinness of my voice.

"Why be sane?" There was no lack of fullness in her rich tones. "We've been sane long enough, and I've starved, Allen."

She was, I think, the most beautiful woman in the world. She was the

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woman whom I had loved for years, and I was half blinded by the emotion that swept over me as she framed in words what she had already framed with a kiss.

Nevertheless I walked unsteadily to a chair and sat down. I pointed to another chair close at hand. I didn't place it for her; it seemed to me that it took every ounce of my strength to walk to my own chair. Her lovely lips pouted, but into her blue eyes came a glint of roguishness.

"Allen Gorham, you're afraid of me."

I don't know how I managed to smile, and I think that it must have been a wan response to her unforced gayety.

"I admit it," I replied.

"Men are hard to please," she laughed. "At the first they are afraid of themselves, and then they are afraid of us. Allen, do you love me?"

I was slowly regaining self-control. But I lost it all as I replied to her:

"You know I do."

"I know, but I want to be told." She quoted from a verse that had amused us both in days gone by. "I want you to tell me and tell me and tell me."

"And I don't think I'll tell you again," I said.

Her laugh was confident. "I don't like a reluctant lover, but I want you so much that I'll battle your reluctance—if I need," she added.

"I don't like that word," I said.

"What word?" Her perfectly arched eyebrows lifted slightly.

"Lover," I said.

Anita understood me. There has never been anyone more quick to understand subtleties.

"But it's the word, not the fact, that you mind, isn't it?" she demanded. This was a new Anita. The Anita whom I had known never required crude explanations. She didn't require them now, I knew. It was simply, I think, that she was being natural.

"Neither the word nor the fact," I said.

"We can change words, but facts are unalterable, aren't they?" she asked.

"Suppose Fred came into this room now?" I asked.

For a moment her mouth and eyes were hard. Then she laughed.

"But he can't very well. He's two hundred miles away."

"He's here," I said.

She started almost imperceptibly, and the color in her face receded slightly. Then she laughed again, and her mirth was somewhat scornful.

"You mean that because I'm married to him he's always where I am? In other words a wife is always a wife?"

"He's your husband, Anita," I said.

"I hate him," she said. "He doesn't love me. He knows that I know he lied about you."

"When did you discover that?" I asked bitterly.

"Do you two know each other?" said Vonny. Runyon colored slightly. "We've met each other," I said. "We'll meet again," said Runyon grimly

"I always knew it," she replied.

"And yet—" I began.

She interrupted me fiercely. "I mean that 'way down inside me I believed in you. But you—you wanted faith on tap like water in a faucet. More than that, you wouldn't even turn the faucet. A perfectly hideous thing was said about you, and when I mentioned it—"

"You didn't mention it, Anita; you accused."

"That doesn't matter. If you'd wanted me, you should have fought: should have made me do what you wanted."

"You didn't give me much opportunity," I reminded her.

"I'm not the kind to give opportunity; you should have made it."

"IT'S too late now, anyway," I said. "You're Fred's wife; you've been his wife for five years. There isn't much to be done or said about it, is there?"

"Things were done and said a few minutes ago," she retorted.

"Things that we'd better consider not done and not said," I told her.

"But they *were* done and said, and can't be undone and unsaid."

"But they can be forgotten," I answered.

She looked at me, puzzled.

"You mean to say that you can ever forget that I kissed you? I'm not going to forget that you kissed me. You mean to tell me that what has just happened is not to happen again?"

"How can it, Anita?" I asked. "Neither of us realized—neither of us knew—"

"Men are always cowards!" she cried. "I knew. I realized. Didn't I, when you asked for Fred, lie to you, give you to understand that Fred was in the house? Don't you suppose that I knew what would happen? I'm not afraid to be honest even if you are. Or perhaps"—and her mouth was almost ugly—"it isn't honesty you fear, but Fred?"

"Anita," I said abruptly, "will you divorce Fred and marry me?"

"Why didn't you ask that before?" she asked.

I looked at her helplessly.

"I know why." She didn't wait for my reply. "You were always like that, prevented from doing what you wanted by scruples of one kind or another. Another man's wife is another man's wife, and that ends it."

"I just asked you to divorce Fred," I said.

"But it wasn't in your mind to ask me," she retorted.

"It wasn't in my mind that— Nothing was in my mind," I lamely said.

"But figuring in a divorce—marrying another man's wife—that's the last thing to enter it."

"It has entered it now," I told her.

"Do you really love me?" she asked.

I didn't need to answer her. I could feel the hot blood rising to my face, and she could see the flush that burned me.

"And I love you. I always have loved you," she said.

She had been right about my scruples. But they were swept away now. I knew that I had never dreamed of marriage to Anita. She was married to another man, and the ceremony that had united her to my cousin Fred had seemed conclusive as the trumpet of doom will some time seem.

I rose unsteadily.

"What's the matter?" she inquired.

"I must go," I told her.

Her face expressed blank bewilderment.

"But we've just admitted that we love each other. You want to marry me."

"My God," I cried, "that's just why I can't stay here! When Fred comes back from Boston I'll tell him—"

"You'll tell my husband that we love each other and have decided to get married?" There was the hint of a jeer in her voice.

"He has to find out sooner or later." I tried to smile. "We can't very well be married without his knowledge, Anita."

"Do you think he'd let me get a divorce to marry you? In his own fashion he loves me, or thinks he does. And he hates you. He'd never consent to a divorce."

"Then what are we going to do?" I helplessly murmured.

She looked at me steadily. I tried to look elsewhere, but her eyes held mine against my will. She told me, wordlessly, things that her lips would never have uttered. But if her lips were modest her eyes were brazen, brazen as I would not have believed they could be. Oddly, as I read the promises written in them, I seemed to see beyond them the cool gray eyes, candid and sweet, of Vonny Candace.

COMPARISONS were disloyalties. I had loved Anita for years and a dream—that I had always forced from my thought by the exercise of a stern sanity that had told me how absurd it was—had suddenly come true. The loveliest woman in the world had surrendered to me and now was offering everything. Yet a disloyalty to her forced its way into my mind. Vonny Candace would keep any bargain she made, no matter what temptation might assail her.

I think that Anita—there was never anyone to understand unuttered things like Anita—realized that something had happened to upset the psychic balance between us.

Her mood, her manner—everything about her—seemed to change suddenly.

"What was (*Continued on page 50*)

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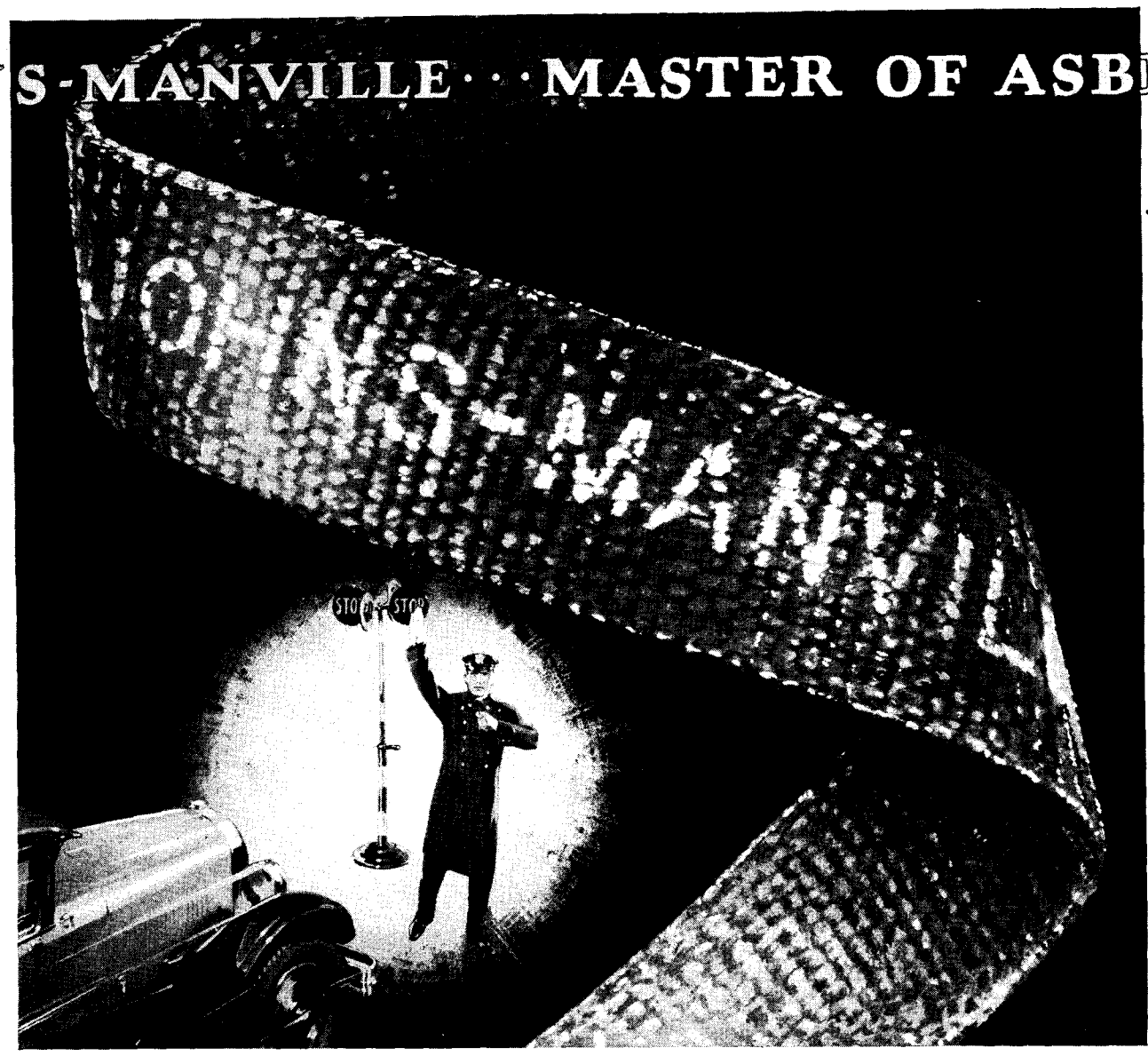
JOHNS-MANVILLE · · MASTER OF ASBESTOS



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So well has this aim been met that you can have Johns-Manville Heavy Duty Brake Lining put on your passenger car and then forget brake lining.

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Industry uses Johns-Manville products for many purposes. If you own, operate or manage a power plant, a manufacturing plant or a large building, write us about high pressure insulation, built-up roofing, flooring, refractory cements, packings scientifically designed.

It is almost a certainty that your brakes need adjustment. Tear this out and use it as a

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The Old He-Coon of the John D. Grace

Continued from page 11

After a long wait, during which Old Folks ate a meal and slept some, Horace appeared at his bedside with another dose of medicine.

He grinned. "Hyar is some more er dat good-tastin' licker which you likes so good."

"Git waay f'm me wid dat stuff," warned Old Folks. "You lied to me once, and you ain't gonter lie no more."

Horace became stern. "Swallow dis stuff, man. I ain't got time to play wid you. Open dat hole in yo' face."

"You better drag yo'se'f on away f'm hyar whilst you's all in one piece," Old Folks replied. "'Cause I'm gittin' riled up now."

"Swallow dis stuff," Horace came back, "or I'll hold yo' nose and pour hit down yo' goozle."

Once more Old Folks tried to rise up and kill the orderly, but once more he discovered that the strength to sit up in bed even was not his. He swallowed the medicine.

"De time will come," he said calmly, after his voice returned—"de time will come when I'm gonter git even wid you, you smilin'-haided sapsucker. You jest wait. De Lawd gonter humble you into my hands, and I'm gonter make you sorry." There was more hope than faith in the promise, but the earnest threat did something toward relieving the high-pressure hatred that was boiling up inside Old Folks.

"Yeah?" Horace grinned, and settled in his chair for another snooze.

WHEN the doctor came through on his daily round, Horace reported that the patient was very unruly about taking the medicine. The doctor told Old Folks, "I worked too hard to get you cured to let you die on my hands of general debility now. You take that medicine every time this boy tells you to. Understand?"

"But, Doctor, suh," he said, "I takes de medicine like you says, but hit don't seem to be doin' no good to dis pain I got in my back."

The doctor was all interest. "What pain? How long has it been there? Why didn't you say something about it? What kind of a pain?"

Old Folks talked slowly and carefully. He described to perfection the symptoms of "wet j'ints" as he had heard them described by rivermen who had suffered from the ailment. Of course he did not have wet joints. But he knew that the only cure for it was drinking liquor. Everybody knew it. Even the doctor ought to have sense enough to know that it takes drinking liquor to cure wet joints.

"Rheumatism," diagnosed the doctor. "Certainly a rheumatic condition. Hmm."

"Yassuh," Old Folks said. "And dey tells me hit ain't nothin' which kin cyore all dat kind er stuff like a little hard licker."

"Your back and shoulders and leg joints," continued the doctor, ignoring the suggested remedy. "Hmm. At your age all I can hope for is temporary relief. Your old muscles are getting soggy. Hmm. A vigorous astringent. I'll leave a bottle of liniment, and you have the boy massage your back every time the pain strikes you. Understand?" And he walked out of the room.

Old Folks was disappointed. Liniment always is disappointing when one has anticipated drinking liquor. But, after all, the liniment might be better than the bitter medicine, and he could order Horace to apply it when he chose, instead of having to be bossed and swallow medicine when Horace saw fit to administer it.

"Rub some er dat stuff on my back," he roared at Horace as soon as the liniment arrived. "Hyar me got a natchal death rattle f'm de buck aguer and you settin' up in dat cheer asleep. And you better hop, you scound'el, when I hollers, or else I'll—" He started to say "butt yo' haid off," but he remembered that his strength was gone, and he substituted, "I'll tell de doctor on you when he comes aroun' again."

It was a lame threat, but Horace rubbed. The liniment spread over the patient's broad back and burned like fire. Horace seemed to enjoy Old Folks' groans.

"I'll git back at you," Old Folks promised for the thousandth time. "Jest as sho' as yo's alive, I'll git back at you."

"Yeah?" laughed Horace. "How?"

"How!" Old Folks repeated. "I gits you on de Grace some time, and I shows you up wid a hickory. Dat's how." In his mind the prediction became a reality, and he actually grinned at the prospect of using his hickory staff on Horace. "I'll git you on de Grace and I'll set you afire."

Horace laughed. "But you ain't never gonter git," he declared. "I'm a man which works wid my haid, and steamboatin' is work for mens which works with they hands." He sat down on the side of the bed, spread the liniment over a wide portion of the back and began rubbing anew. "A man which works wid his haid," he explained, "sets down and works."

The liniment burned like fire, and Old Folks could not stand it.

"Stop dat, you fool," he roared. "You try to pizen me, and now you tryin' to blister my back! Git dat stuff on away f'm me."

Horace returned the bottle to the medicine rack, but he was back at the bedside in no time with a spoon and the tonic.

"Hit's time for some er dis good-tastin' licker, ergin," he grinned.

Old Folks was beaten, and he knew it.

As the days passed his strength began returning. Little by little the bitter tonic and the upbuilding food tightened up his muscles and steadied his shaky legs. It was a slow process.

There was considerable time for the rebuilding process. The fifteen days promised by Captain Cooley stretched into twenty, to twenty-five and then to thirty. For Captain Cooley was having much trouble with his steamboating business while his boss rouster was having trouble with an uppity little hospital attendant.

In the first place, Captain Cooley lost an hour getting the old man to the hospital. When he returned to the boat the mate already had the rousters lined up and carrying the oak staves from the boat to the freight shed. But the rousters were making very little progress with their work, and he remarked as much to the mate.

"Every blamed one of them ratting on the job," he declared. "They'll be a week getting the staves off, at that rate."

The mate responded by giving all rousters in general and these in particular a "sound cussing out," and urged them either to "work faster or quit the job."

Captain Cooley watched hopefully for effects, but he could notice no change. Each man walked up to the pile of staves, picked up one and carried it up the gangplank and to the pile in the freight shed. After the stave had been carefully put on the pile the rouster came on back for another stave. Every man was in line and every man kept moving, it seemed to Captain Cooley. But it was a certainty that the work was being accomplished very slowly.

He walked to the texas deck, where he could command an overhead view of the stave pile, and determined to watch until he found the cause of the snail-like process. He wanted to see the specific fault. And when it came Castor Oil's turn to pick up a stave, he thought he saw it. The big rouster was hunting over the stack for the smallest stave.

A SPECIFIC case, to Captain Cooley, called for a specific remedy. And he went into action. Calmly at first, his language gradually picked up a rhythmic momentum that spread the surroundings with red-hot profanity that oozed and smoked like molten lava. His foundation thus laid, he turned a high-pressure stream of blue vitriol loose that concentrated upon Castor Oil himself. And by the time the lagging rouster reached the gangplank, Captain Cooley was eloquent.

Up the gangplank Castor Oil trudged with his single small stave, while blistering remarks spattered all about him. For the hundred-foot march to the stave pile in the shed the rouster stumbled with his burden, and back again, empty-handed, just as though Captain Cooley were discussing the weather with the mate instead of using him for the theme of one of the most finished compositions of extemporaneous profanity that ever sizzled from the upper deck.

When the Negro disappeared under the boiler deck portal Captain Cooley turned helplessly to the mate. "He never batted an eye, Joe," he said.

The mate looked at his watch. "Seven minutes to the second," he said vaguely. "Captain Bledsoe couldn't have equaled that the best day he lived, sir."

While Castor Oil had shown no emotion when he was in open view of the captain, he had not missed a single word. And the instant he was out of sight he leaned against a stanchion and gave himself up to unrestrained laughter. "Cap'm was cussin' me," he roared between spasms of mirth. "Me! Cussed *me!*" Another fit of laughter doubled him up and he slid to the deck. "De Cap'm hisse'f! Cussin' me."

Other rousters stopped as they came under the portal and stood about the mirth-racked man.

"He wa'n't cussin' you," one declared. "He was jest cussin'."

"Yes, he was, too, cussin' him," defended another. And they both laughed.

"Naw? Sho'nuff?"

"Cussed his name," maintained the first rouster. "Called him 'Castor Oil,' jest like he called him mighty nigh ev'ything you ever hyared of."

"And a heap you ain't hyared of too." And the laughing and joking became general, while Castor Oil, lying flat on the deck, grew weaker and weaker. He was as limp as a rag and as still as death, but he was still trying to laugh. Finally his abdomen began a feeble vibration, and a soft gurgling sound bubbled out of his throat. "Cussin' me," he whispered. "Ole Cap'm—" and the whisper died away in an inaudible gurgle.

THE mate was half an hour getting them back to work, but the deck discipline had gone to pot, and it was thirty days instead of fifteen before the boat completed her next journey up the river and back.

Captain Cooley knew exactly what the trouble was—roustabouts. And he lost no time getting to the hospital when the boat finally landed in New Orleans again.

"In another month," estimated the doctor, "he may be able to go back with you."

"He's going back today," the captain stated.

They argued. The doctor pointed out the necessity of steady diet and continuous doses of strength-building tonic. The captain couldn't see it that way. Finally, however, they came to an agreement, the skipper returned to his boat, and the doctor went to see the patient.

"Your name is Horace, isn't it?" he asked the orderly.

"Yas, sir."

"Well, Horace," the doctor said, "you've done a good job handling this patient, and I have a regard for you. His captain wants him on the boat, but I won't let him go unless you are there to take care of him and see that he takes his medicine regularly."

Horace swelled with importance.

"Now pack up some duds, and get his things together. It will be a nice, restful trip for you." Then the doctor turned to the patient.

"Uncle," he said, "I'm sending you back to the steamboat today."

"Thanky, suh, Doctor," he said politely. But he wasn't extremely interested. He thought he had heard the doctor say that Horace was going to be on the boat too, and he was trying to recall the exact words.

"You're getting along splendidly," the doctor continued. "Picking up strength rapidly. But you must keep taking that tonic; it has iron in it, and that's what

(*Continued on page 35*)

Stand by for Instructions

ALL the deviltry of The Emperor of America fades into insignificance beside his latest exploit.

He has driven Sax Rohmer, his creator, into nervous prostration.

We suspected all along that something of the kind was bound to happen. The stories were written under circumstances trying enough to even the most hardened author. Mr. Rohmer's house in London was under constant surveillance. Zone agents, time after time, attempted to dictate the plots of the stories, and on one occasion a group of workmen were detected while connecting a complicated electrical contrivance to Mr. Rohmer's typewriter. This machine, it was learned, would have reproduced instantly each word written by Mr. Rohmer, upon a screen in Washington, D. C.

Of course, the Emperor did not intend to cause the present deplorable state of affairs. He can't do anything without Mr. Rohmer, and he knows it very well. Neither can Commander Roscoe nor Dr. Stopford, for that matter.

So there you are. Mr. Rohmer is in the south of France under strict orders from his physician to do no writing for at least a month. And unless the Emperor can do something with the doctor, we shall have to stand by for a few weeks.

THE EDITOR.

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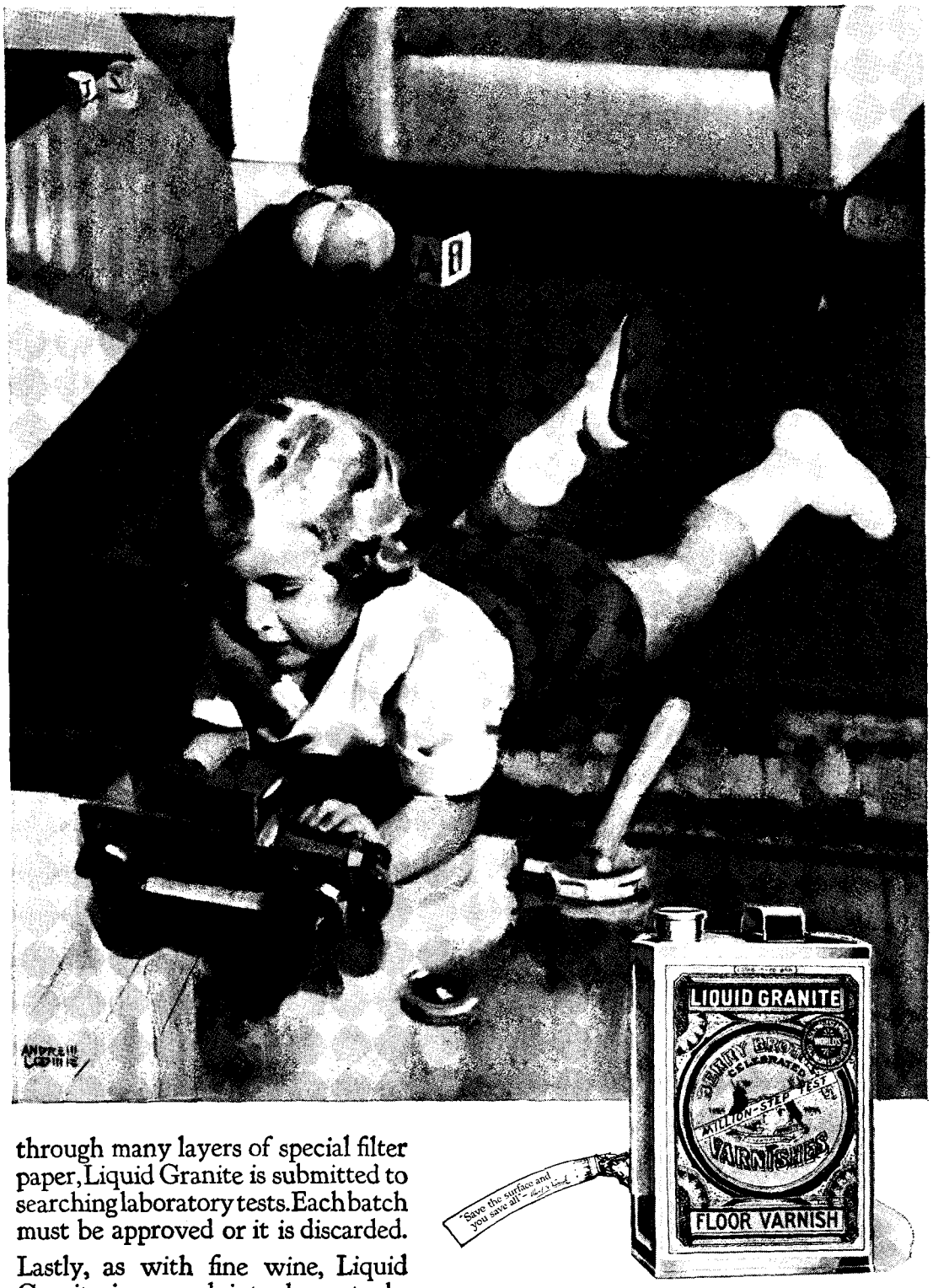

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The Old He-Coon

Continued from page 32

you need—iron. To make you strong again."

"Yassuh"—half-heartedly. Had the doctor said Horace was going along too?

"Well," said the doctor, "don't think you're going to throw it overboard as soon as you get on the boat, because Horace is going along with you to see you take it." And the doctor left the room.

That was it! Horace was going! As soon as the doctor closed the door behind him Old Folks sat up in bed and put his feet on the floor.

"Yaller boy," he thundered, "bring me my pants!"

The first day on the steamboat, which was tied up at Bienville Street, was a failure so far as Old Folks was concerned. He was too weak to walk alone, and Horace hovered around him like a guilty conscience. The second day the old man was able to sit on a barrel top and roar at the rousters and occasionally embarrass Horace in the presence of the workers with well-selected swear words. But Horace got at least a draw by forcing the boss rouster to take his bitter medicine in front of the workers.

On the third day he approached the old man. "Open de mouf, Granddaddy," he grinned.

Old Folks was reacting to normal surroundings, and his recuperative powers worked overtime.

"Go waay f'm me wid dat stuff!" he warned. He refused point-blank to take the medicine, and Horace threatened to telephone the doctor and have him returned. Old Folks submitted, but with remarks that were as bitter as the tonic.

The fourth day Horace proved that he was a man who worked with his head.

"Why not," Horace's working mind inquired, "split the four doses into eight half doses and give double torment to a patient who is getting meaner and meaner as the time passes?" And as there was no voice to explain why this should not be done, Horace split the doses and dealt the misery to his patient's pride and palate eight times instead of four.

"Dat ain't no way to do," Old Folks objected.

"Swallow hit or else I telephones de doctor."

Old Folks swallowed.

The plan worked so well that Horace figured out another scheme. The next day, according to the scheme, each of the half doses was to be divided, and the doubled torment would be redoubled. But the plan miscarried.

BRIGHT and early on the fifth morning after Old Folks had been released from the hospital the old man was awakened by a touch on the shoulder. He looked up and saw Castor Oil.

"Hyar's a bundle for you, Mister Fo'lks," Castor Oil stated, handing a bulky package to the old man. "I was over back er town last night, and a man sent hit to you. Said you lef' hit in de yard a mont' ago."

Old Folks felt the package inquiringly, and his hand gripped something round and hard at one end. He ripped the paper away. "Dat's de ve'y corncob!" he declared. "I wonder what's under hit."

Off came some more paper. "De same ole jug," he declared. "I wonder—" He removed the cob and turned the jug to his mouth. "Ah, Lawd," he snorted, "dat's all right!"

He stood up and walked about the deck, eying the stacks of upriver freight. "Ready to ride," he announced. "Ready to git out'n man's town." But he wasn't impatient about it. He knew they had to wait for the passengers, and things. Pulling out was Captain Cooley's job, anyway.

Presently there was a deafening blast of the whistle, the clanging of the bell, and the screech of the plank winch. Old Folks leaned against his hickory staff and grinned. "Great day!" he exclaimed "Gittin' away!"

The boat floated silently with the current for a minute, and then the big paddle wheel began to churn the water, the steam hissed from the boiler, and the whole deck vibrated under his feet. He cupped his hand to his ears and listened, and he was rewarded by a long, two shorts and a long blast from the big whistle. It was the "gittin' away" signal of the Grace.

"Long gone, now," he declared with pride, "and me de he-coon again!"

His eye fell upon Horace.

"You, boy," he roared, "grab dat sack er cawn and put hit on de pile!"

Horace was surprised. "Who—me?"

"Yeah, you!" Old Folks roared. "And you better hop too."

Horace drew back. "Yeah?" he inquired. "Would a bear—"

But that was as far as he got. Old Folks leaped at him and hit him three stinging raps across the fleshy part of his body with the hickory staff before the surprised little orderly knew what was happening.

"Pick up dat cawn!" Old Folks thundered. And Horace stooped for the sack.

ANOTHER well-placed lick from the staff seemed to give the little man great strength, and the heavy sack was lifted into place with one single effort.

"I ain't stout to do dis kind er work," Horace whined. "I works wid my—"

"Yeah," butted in Old Folks. "You works wid yo' haid, don't you?"

"But dis kind er work ain't my job," insisted Horace lamely.

"Naw," agreed Old Folks, "yo' job is to give me dat good-tastin' medicine, ain't hit?"

Horace was afraid either to confirm or deny it.

"Well, go git de bottle and give me a doste."

Horace hesitated.

"Hop when I hollers!" And Old Folks hoisted the staff. Horace hopped.

In a minute he was back with the medicine.

"Pour me out a doste, now," commanded the boss rouster, and Horace poured the spoon full to the brim.

"Now," said Old Folks, "drink hit!"

"Aw—"

"Don't you 'aw' at me, you yallerfaced baboon," and the stick went into the air once more, ready to fall upon Horace.

The medicine disappeared down Horace's throat.

"Fill hit up again," commanded Old Folks. And Horace held the bottle in a shaking hand and looked pleadingly at Old Folks.

"Fill hit," Old Folks thundered. "You got to drink ev'y lastin' stinkin' drap er dat stuff"—his voice took on a sudden honeyed mockery—"which tastes so good and which makes you stout."

Horace wasn't certain what a whole bottle of medicine would do to him if he took it at one time, but he was fairly certain as to what Old Folks would do to him if he didn't do what he was told to do. So he swallowed the second spoonful.

"Now, den," Old Folks said, "put hit away to I tells you again."

Horace sidled out of range of the cane and pitched the bottle overboard.

"Hit felled in de river," he said in mock disappointment. "Maybe us better stop de boat—"

"You th'owed it in," corrected Old Folks. "I'm gonter tell de doctor you th'owed my medicine in de river, jest quick as us git back to N'Awlins. I'm gonter tell him you th'owed it in." He looked from Horace to his hickory staff and back again. "And I'm gonter th'ow you in after hit ef'n you don't take to hoppin' when I hollers. I'm sick and tired er haulin' lazy niggers up and down dis river. Now go git you some sleep so's you'll be ready to wawk when us lands at Baton Rouge. And ef'n you ain't de fust man in line, I'm gonter set you afire wid dis stick. Now git!"

Horace got.

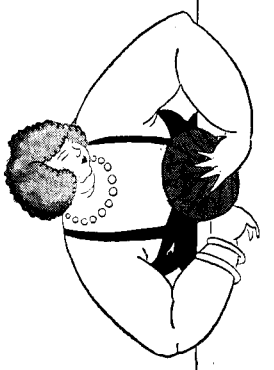
How would you play it?

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

These hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, March 6th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

No. 19



	North	
	♠ J-7-6 ♡ 9-5-2	◇ Q-8-6-3 ♣ 6-4-2
West		*East*
♠ 9-4-3 ♡ 8-6 ◇ 9-5-2 ♣ Q-J-9-8-5		♠ A-8-5-2 ♡ A-K-7-3 ◇ 10-7-4 ♣ K-10
	South	
♠ K-Q-10 ♡ Q-J-10-4		◇ A-K-J ♣ A-7-3

THERE is only one point to discuss in the auction of this hand, and it is an important one for the Bridge player to understand. South of course bid one No Trump. West and North, equally of course, passed. The doubtful question was what East should do. Two declarations besides a pass doubtless would enter his mind: (1) a double; (2) two Hearts. A sound bidder would not seriously consider an informatory double with this strength and a No Trump over him, although he might double if he were over the No Trump. Doubling might force a weak Minor bid from West and produce serious trouble. Moreover, permitting South to play his No Trump does not seem to mean turning the game over to him by any means; West will lead her strongest suit and with East having either real strength or a strengthening card in every suit, game for Declarer does not seem to be imminent.

Whether East should bid two Hearts is the other question to consider, but a four-card Major under a No Trump does not promise game or anything resembling it. The soundness of a pass by East is therefore evident.

The Play

WEST fires the first defensive gun of the battle by leading the Queen of Clubs, that being her long suit, and the Queen being the sound conventional opening with Q-J-9. Dummy's weakness makes it necessary for Declarer to give to the planning of his campaign the most careful study. He will realize at once that he must lose to the adverse Ace of Spades and the Ace and King of Hearts; also that he has two losing Clubs in Closed Hand, only one of which by any chance can be discarded, that being possible if Dummy's fourth Diamond should become a winner. With the certainty of losing two Hearts, one Spade and one Club, the prospect of making game is not flattering, as it is most probable that East and West will take more than one Club trick. The adverse Clubs will be established as soon as Closed Hand plays the Ace.

In most hands in which Declarer has three cards of an adverse suit with the Ace as its only stopper, it is an obvious play for him to hold the Ace until the third round, if possible, in order to exhaust the partner of the leader (in this case East) of the suit originally led. In this hand, however, Declarer knows that he must lose three tricks in the Major suits and therefore if he deliberately passes two Club tricks it will be impossible for him to go game.

He cannot accurately determine the division of the adverse Clubs. If the lead was from a five-card suit and if the Ace of Spades and Ace and King of Hearts are all held by East, the Declarer has a chance for game if he holds up the Ace of Clubs until the second round, thus exhausting East's Clubs. Of course the chances are that West has one of the three entries, but if so nothing that Declarer can do will win the game for him, and in such an emergency even a desperate chance should be taken. Having planned his campaign in this way, as soon as he sees the Dummy he awaits the development of the first trick by playing the Deuce of Clubs from Dummy. East plays the King so as to unblock his partner's Clubs; he knows that the lead has been from A-Q-J or Q-J-9. This play is of great interest to Declarer. It makes it possible that the King is East's only Club, but more probable that he has one other Club and is unblocking; so Declarer plays small, of course hoping that the King of Clubs is a singleton and that the suit cannot be returned.

To trick 2 East leads the Ten of Clubs and Declarer now knows the whole story. Should he duck this trick also, he cannot make game. Of course if West's original lead was from four Clubs, East having three and East having the three high Spades and Hearts, ducking would save a Club trick; but that would be the trick immaterial and it is clearly the Declarer's best plan to play the hand so as to avail himself of his one chance for game, remote though it be. Consequently he wins the second Club trick and starts the establishment of his Hearts.

When East wins the Heart trick he leads a small Spade. This South wins and proceeds to force out the master Heart, thus removing the second high Heart from East's hand. It now matters not what East plays. Declarer will make another Spade trick, two Hearts and four Diamonds, in addition to the two tricks he has already won.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, March 13th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minn St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; W land; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, C Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; W WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memph Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ,

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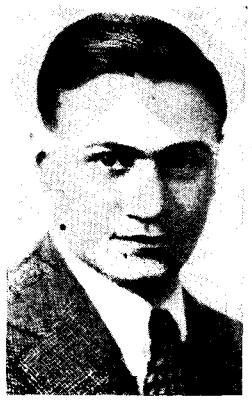

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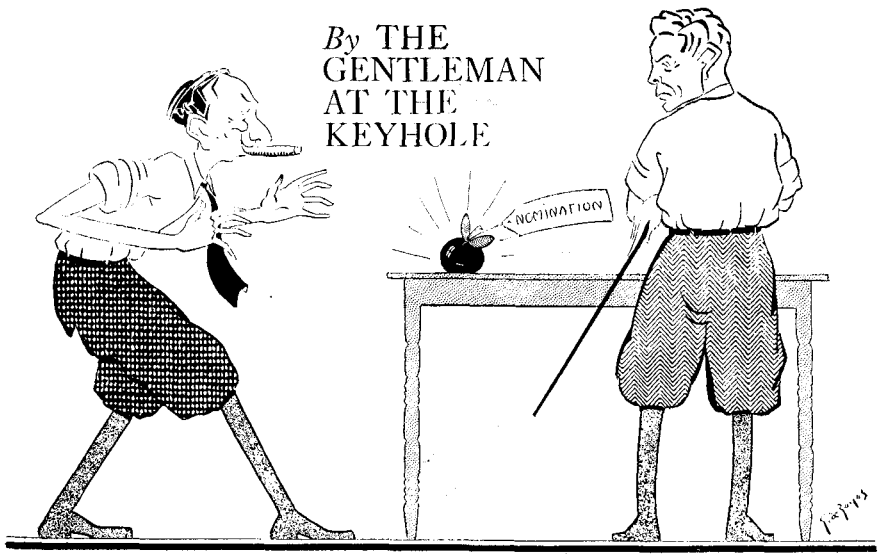

The Unbent Reed

THE friends of Governor Al Smith have been having nightmares ever since Houston was picked as the place where the next Democratic National Convention will be held and ever since it became known that Senator Jim Reed was going to make a fight for the nomination for President.

Their visions are peopled with lantern-jawed, hard-mouthed, repressed men and flat-breasted, grimly good women crowding the galleries of the tabernacle that Jesse Jones is going to erect at Houston—witch burners and beldames hating everything Northern and Eastern and urban for the love of God and, like the crowd at a football game, inspiring the Southern and Western delegates from the sticks to endless stubborn resistance.

At the Madison Square Garden Convention the Texas delegation occupied front seats near the speakers' stand. Everybody saw them.

My seat placed me where I could not keep my eyes off those fierce partisans from Texas. They fascinated me.

I choose the Texans to point my remarks, not from any animus against that great state, with its many human and delightful people, but because they happened to be near me during the exasperating exhibition of human nature that took place in Madison Square Garden. There were others further off who seemed similar, but distance softened their asperity.

Well, multiply that Texas delegation by 1,000, or to put it another way, fill Jesse Jones' galleries with 10,000 Thomas L. Blantons, and you can get some idea of the nightmare that troubles the friends of Al Smith.

Or a part of it at least. Another part is the Hon. Jim Reed, who is just now in the night-time imaginations of the Al Smith followers being erected into another relentless McAdoo.

A Political Nightmare

AN ODD figure Jim Reed makes in this vision of the scared Smithites: a Wet leading the Drys; an enemy of all that messing into other people's lives (which those fighting Texans I have just mentioned personify) leading the messers; a foe of intolerance (that is, the common kind of intolerance: he has plenty of intolerance of his own) leading the hosts of intolerance. Only in a political nightmare is any such figure seen.

The emergence of Jim Reed as the man to beat Al Smith is one of the comedies of this year's politics. Actually he works the same side of the street.

He is wet as Al Smith is. He is a friend of personal liberty and a foe of the snooping "state," as Al Smith is. But he is fanatical about it where Al Smith is practical. Yet so far is the cause of prohibition gone that it is not improbable that the Southern and Western Drys will turn to Jim Reed, the Wet, to beat Al Smith, the Wet.

And to add to the irony of the Democratic politics, under ordinary conditions—that is to say, with Al Smith out of the race—Jim Reed would not have any more chance of winning the Democratic nomination than would any candidate obtained, as Woodrow Wilson used to say, at a Swedish employment agency. In the first place, he is a Wet, and the Democrats, if they could avoid it, would no more nominate a Wet than they would nominate Calvin Coolidge. In the next place, he affronts by his cynicism all the sentimentality and boobery that is traditional in politics.

There won't be ten men in the next Democratic Convention who will think that Jim Reed, if nominated, can win the election. And there will be a majority of delegates who think that Al Smith can win, or at least has a chance to win. In that respect the parallel between 1928 and 1924 breaks down.

The South Won't Play to Lose

IN THE New York convention both the Al Smith men and the McAdoo men knew they could not win with their respective candidates, and each side felt it would rather be licked with its own man than with his rival. It is hard to believe that there will be one third of the next convention who would rather be beaten with Jim Reed than win with Al Smith, especially as Jim Reed represents no principle which the forces that would have to rally about him can openly avow.

Take Jim Reed's issue. The senator from Missouri invites his party to bury its head in the sand and forget the issues of religious tolerance and Volsteadism and take that of Republican corruption on which John W. Davis was defeated by 7,000,000.

Parties do like to bury their heads in the sand. But this time there is not sand enough anywhere to hide the Democratic party's head. That is what hurts.

In order that the panic of the Al Smith men should be realized you have to assume that the whole South to a man is bent upon the rejection of Al Smith, even at the cost of wrecking the Democratic party. You have got to suppose that the Democratic party is facing something like the slavery issue of 1860. But it is not, except in the heated imagination of Tom Heflin. And there are few Heflins. No, a third to a half of the South hopes to see Al Smith nominated, though it wishes to duck responsibility for contributing to his nomination. So there is little of the last-ditch spirit that is necessary to deadlock conventions.

No, Jim Reed is doing just what Charles Curtis and Willis of Ohio are doing: taking himself seriously as a candidate.

Every candidate sooner or later gets the idea that he can win. But Jim Reed is so solemn about it, has such a reputation for fighting without quarter, that the Al Smith followers are having the scare that always comes to politicians when they think they are within reach of victory.

Free, White and Female

Continued from page 19

because there haven't been any Bundy women," said Damon.

"I'm going to call that Jerry girl. I bet she's got a line on Pa."

Twenty minutes later they arrived at home. As they mounted the steps Mr. Bundy appeared, looking graver than usual.

"The rounder," said Damon, "is home."

"Don't look so gay," said Pythias. "Couldn't you find the lurid spots, Pa?"

"I found 'em all right. Yes, sir. Pretty girl and all—and bootleg licker. It's hard on the stomach."

"It's your age," said Damon.

"Prepare," said Pythias, "for a shock."

"I don't know as I've got room for one," said Mr. Bundy. "Break it gentle."

"Lead up to it gradually," cautioned Damon.

"Sure, I'll be circuitous. Like this: Blade has bought the mortgage on this place."

"And blown up the ditch digger," added Damon.

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Bundy, "but can you give me an answer to this? Why is Marty carrying around a gun with two shots fired out of it?"

"Sweet cat!" said Damon.

MARTHA was alone in her room, not near the window, for fear was upon her, and the instinct to conceal herself, to hide, asserted itself appallingly. She would have sat in darkness, but she was afraid with the lights extinguished, so she crouched on the edge of the bed and watched the door as if some officer of the law might be expected to burst his way in to her. Never before had she known what it was to be afraid, nor to lurk, nor to conceal. Curiously enough, had she been Dicksie Vernon herself, she could have suffered no greater terror. And she was innocent. Not by any standard known to man had she been guilty that day of offense against the law or morals, yet she was as much a fugitive as if her hand had taken human life. She could not have told you of what she stood in terror, but she did feel with a sort of animal instinct that some unthinkable peril impended over her.

She was of the sort who might not have hesitated to face the results of deliberate action. Had she chosen to commit a wrong; had that reckless disregard of convention, which was her dominating attribute at that time, led her to the commission of some folly, she might, probably would, have accepted its consequences with a certain amount of fortitude, even of bravado. But this had been so sudden, so unexpected, so *gratuitous*. It was none of her affair, and yet she was involved. Her soul cried out against the unfairness of it—that she, a casual bystander, as it were, should thus find herself threatened by events which she had not set in motion.

In her fear and resentment she was in no state of mind to recall the ancient adage about touching pitch; probably she would not have admitted that she knew why Colburn had invited her to his rooms and that she had regarded it as a welcome hazard in the game she was playing against the world. She had not been afraid of Colburn. Indeed, she had rashly welcomed what she considered to be a diverting battle of wits and will with his. It never occurred to her that she could not best him, and perhaps emerge with certain glittering spoils of war, herself unscathed.

But Colburn had not won, nor had she been victorious. Marching events, that irresistible army, had swept both forces down into defeat: Colburn to death; Martha to disaster. The unforeseen element had made its entrance.

Martha tried to think, to see her way clear. She could see nothing except an agony of fear and waiting for discovery. She reviewed the happenings of that evening, hoping to find solid ground for hope. But so much depended upon facts unknown to her. Was anyone aware that she had dined with Colburn? Had anyone seen her go to that place or come away from it?

Then there had been that scene at Miss Patty's. She recalled how little Jimmy scowled at Mortimer Blade and sensed subconsciously that the boy hated the man for some reason of his own. She paused to wonder why. Then she saw that table at which sat Jerry and her father and those other acquaintances—and Blade had disappeared, to be replaced incomprehensibly by Lame. . . . And the revolver! That had been appalling. It was her father who had picked it up casually, snapped it open and thrust it into his pocket, thanking her for remembering to bring it.

That had taken away her breath. Her father had sensed something, something perilous, and had reacted with a readiness of which she had never suspected him. He had said something facetious about cats and about repairs to firearms and about his carelessness in leaving it in her room. . . . And so that incident passed. She wondered if it passed without suspicions. What did her father think? Of one thing she was profoundly conscious: he had not waited to think or to ask questions. He had acted and had saved the situation.

What, she asked herself, if he had been a stranger, a man with no interest in her? What if he had been ready with no plausible and nonchalant explanation? It would have been dreadful. But he had not been a stranger; he was her *father!*

Then there was Lame—or Blade, or whatever his name was. Where did he fit in? What had become of Mortimer Blade and what did his substitute know? He had taken her away quickly, put her in a taxicab and brought her to her hotel. But he had said nothing, and she dared not question him. He had left her at the elevator, and as she waited for the car to start upward she saw that he stopped to talk to the night clerk. It did not occur to her that this was a strand in the network of defense which was being woven about her; she could not understand that Lame chatted with the clerk to impress upon that young man the identity of Martha Bundy's escort that evening. He even inquired about apartments in the building, which gave him an excuse for stating his name and address. All of which might one day be sound evidence.

Martha abandoned herself to fear of the unknown—of the dreadful featureless consequences. It was as if the air surrounding her were peopled with horrors which the human mind could not envision, and it was this very incoherence and inchoateness which made the peril so dreadful. . . . She stared wide-eyed at the floor, thinking, shuddering—terribly alone.

BUT the human mind revolts from concentration. It takes its pleasure in flitting in kaleidoscopic motion from place to place, from thing to thing, from idea to idea. Concentration is a matter of the will, and Martha's will was not engaged. . . . Her mind did not seek to escape from the subject, but, perhaps operating that defense mechanism of which psychologists tell us, endeavored to find some part upon which it could fasten with less rack and wrench to the soul. And so she found herself thinking of Richard Lame's unexplainable appearance in the affair.

He had spoken to her briefly, shortly—directions that were orders—and she obeyed.

At her hotel he handed her out of the taxicab and escorted her to the elevator. "Go to bed," he said shortly. "Talk about the weather or Greek art or the decadence of football—if you must talk to anyone. But steer clear of facts."

She turned up to him a distraught, puzzled face.

(*Continued on page 40*)

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Free, White and Female

Continued from page 38

"I mean," he said abruptly, "exactly what I say. Give facts a clear berth. If anybody asks you if it was a warm evening, tell him the phenomena of the weather are matters upon which there may be a difference of opinion."

"Are you making fun of me?" she asked almost wistfully.

He frowned. "Do I look humorous? I am giving you the best advice I have to give."

She wanted to ask him what he knew, what he suspected, what he was thinking of her, but she dared not.

"Good night," she said, "and thank you."

He had nodded and turned away as the door clanged shut.

Martha found herself thinking about Lame—apart from his participation in this disaster—thinking of his appearance, of his voice, of the words he had spoken to her only that noon in the park. Though, in her anxiety and mental anguish, she did not perceive it, reflecting upon him was a relief, a sort of balm for her suffering. Instinct told her that in Lame she possessed a sure friend, dependable, upon whom she might call, and who would not give half-heartedly. She recognized in him something sturdy, something strong and efficient. . . . He loved her. She believed that because he had told her so. Upon her own feelings toward him she did not dwell, but his love for her had become a welcome thing.

THEN Jerry Breen came in, stood just within the door for an instant before she hurled her hat and wrap toward a chair, and then advanced to Martha's side with quick, positive little steps.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "what is it? You're in a jam."

"Yes," said Martha.

"Tell Mamma," said Jerry.

"Where," Martha countered with a question, "is Father?"

"The old *peach!*" exclaimed Jerry. "I guess he's gone home."

"What did he want?"

Jerry frowned. "Don't dodge," she said. "You'd better get it off your chest. Come clean."

Martha was stubborn. "What did he want?" she repeated.

"I don't know what he wanted or whether he got it. But he didn't mention you. Not once. . . . I've often wondered just what a gentleman was. Well, I found out today, and he's it."

"He was snooping," said Martha.

"Sometimes," said Jerry, "I incline to believe you're a darn fool. He's as wise as a hatful of owls. . . . And I'll say he thinks quick! He covered up that gun when you dropped it better than Otis Skinner could have done it in a play. And that was the end of it too. I don't know how he did it, but he made everybody forget there *was* a gun. . . . Why was there one, Marty?"

"Oh, don't—don't talk about it."

"And where did Blade go to and Lame come from?" she paused and frowned. "By the way, why does Jimmy hate Mortimer Blade so? Ever notice the kid?"

"I don't know."

"I have a hunch that kids and dogs have an instinct. . . . Did Blade get you in a mess?"

"No."

"Because," said Jerry, "he's the sort to get you in and then leave you flat. I'm not so strong for that young man. . . . Look here, you've a lot of confidence in yourself, but you're not so darn wise. You've been brought up wrong for it. Knocking around the edges the way you have for a few months hasn't turned you into any eight-minute egg. After all, you're one of the Long Island set just playing round."

"I'm not," said Martha.

"And you'll never be anything else. Slumming! You don't belong, and you never will belong. . . . Now cast your eye on Jerry! I've no country-house background, and any conversation of mine about boarding schools is lipstick. I'm in it because I have to be, and I guess I know every rope from fly floor to stage. I can look after myself because I *have* to look after myself—and even then my foot might slip. I've got a family too. But not your kind. Kid brother that's too hot to handle, and my mother. Not in this town—and what's the matter with me when I'm low in my mind is that I can't do much for them. But that's not the point. I know my way around better than you, so you just come clean and we'll see what we can do."

"I daren't," said Martha in a whisper. "He told me not to talk."

"Who? Mortimer Blade?" She sniffed. "He would."

"No—Richard Lame."

"Oh! Is *he* in it?"

"I don't know how," said Martha. "He appeared there at Miss Patty's and brought me home."

"When Mortimer Blade ditched you?"

Martha looked up. "I don't know. I don't know what happened."

Jerry considered and then nodded her head. "It was Lame who called him out. Warned him off, gave him the gate, or something. And then you dropped the artillery. Where does that fit into the picture? What were you doing with a gun that didn't belong to your father?"

"It wasn't mine," said Martha. "Oh, don't cross-examine me. I can't stand it. Can't you see I'm almost frantic!"

The telephone rang suddenly; Martha all but cried out in fright. Jerry glanced at her cornerwise and stepped to the instrument.

"Hello," she said.

Instantly Mortimer Blade's voice replied, incautiously, not awaiting the identification of the voice which spoke to him.

"The papers are out," he said, "and it looks all right. They haven't dug up anything. Sit tight and keep your mouth shut."

"The same to you," said Jerry, "and many of them."

Then she heard a crash as if the receiver had fallen, and faintly the sound of angry voices. Then the connection was broken.

"It was Mortimer," she said to Martha. "He says sit tight and keep your mouth shut. . . . So sit tight a minute till I get back."

"Where are you going?"

"Down to the office a second."

JERRY pushed an impatient thumb against the button of the elevator bell and presently had descended to the desk where she bought copies of the morning papers, with which she reëntered the room.

"Now we'll see what's broken," she said.

The story was there upon the front page: Colburn found dead—murdered. Table set for four. No clues. Japanese servant. No clues. . . . Jerry compressed her lips. "I'll say you *are* in a jam!" she said. "How long have you been playing around with Colburn?"

"I—I never saw him until tonight."

"Table set for four," said Jerry thoughtfully. "Colburn, you, Mortimer Blade—and who?"

"I don't know," said Martha stubbornly.

"Girl, of course. . . . And she got Colburn—or Blade did. If you're telling the truth. Are you?"

"I never saw him until I stepped into that room."

"Who knows you went there?"

"I don't think anybody does."

JERRY was piecing things together. "Since when," she asked, "has Blade been supplying Colburn's harem? And Colburn had this other girl there. Um . . . and she saw what was coming off—and got him. . . . Well, I hope she makes her get-away. But where does the revolver come in? Why did you have that?"

"She—she dropped it and her bag on the floor. After she went out I—I picked them up and brought them away. I don't know why. I just did it."

"Lucky for that girl, whoever she is," said Jerry succinctly. "And where's the bag?"

Martha pointed.

"That," said Jerry, "is as safe to keep in a bedroom as a dog with the rabies. Give me those scissors."

Systematically Jerry set to work snipping the bag into shreds until nothing was left but a heap of minute fragments. Then she spent twenty minutes dropping them from the window, one by one, so that the early morning wind carried them away never to be found or identified again. As for the compact and the lipstick and the handkerchief and the tiny purse—she placed those in her own bag for subsequent disposal.

"Now," she said, "a little sleep won't do any harm."

"I can't sleep," said Martha.

"Don't be an idiot. You haven't done anything, have you?" She paused. "I never did fall very hard for Mortimer Blade, but I didn't figure he would run that sort of errand for Colburn." She shook her head and opened wide her big, appealing eyes. "There's something back of it. Why should he try to hand you to Colburn on a silver tray?"

Martha shook her head, hardly comprehending.

"Why did your brothers beat him up? It's all tied together somehow." She walked across and stood before Martha. "My dear," she said, "if I were you I'd hit for home on the earliest morning train, and I'd hide in the potato cellar or what have you until this blows over."

"No," Martha cried. "I shan't go home. Whatever happens, I shan't go back there."

(*To be continued next week*)

By PETER B. KYNE

Promoting Patricio

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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CATCHING UP
WITH THE WORLD
By Edwin E. Slosson
Director
Science
Service

It's the Leaf—*not the* Pie

ANOTHER of the old wives' tales about the virtue of herb teas turns out to have a real foundation. For generations the country folk of the Pennsylvania hills and Austrian Alps have held that a decoction of the leaves of the huckleberry or blueberry common in these regions was "good medicine" for the disease known to physicians as diabetes, though hitherto American and European chemists have been unable to find anything of medicinal value in it. But at last a substance of remarkable potency in reducing excess of sugar in the blood has been extracted by Dr. R. I. Wagner, who first tackled the problem in Vienna, and came to the Physiatric Institution of Morristown, N. J., in order to pursue his researches in cooperation with Dr. Frederick M. Allen.

It has been named "myrtillin" because it was first found in the leaves of *Vaccinium myrtillus*, commonly known as bilberry or whortleberry, but is contained in all green leaves as well as in yeast.

The most convenient source found so far is the huckleberry although it contains an extremely minute amount of the active principle, probably less than one part in a hundred million of the dry leaves. The best preparation so far extracted still contains a large amount of inert and useless material yet is so powerful that a tenth of a milligram, say a pinhead of powder, is sufficient to produce a prompt and perceptible lowering of the percentage of sugar in the blood where this has been raised above the normal limit as after the consumption of sugar.

A Pleasant Experiment

SINCE myrtillin is harmless and is administered through the mouth, the activity of a preparation may easily be tested with human beings, instead of by injection into rabbits as is necessary in the case of standardizing insulin. Nurses and office girls are not averse to serving as the subjects of a scientific experiment when this consists essentially of lying on a couch half a day and eating a quarter pound of candy and having their breath analyzed afterwards to see how rapidly they consume it.

Ordinarily when such an amount of sugar is taken on an empty stomach the sugar accumulates more rapidly in the blood than it can be burned up in the body and is only slowly reduced to the normal limit. But with a small amount of myrtillin the surplus sugar is speedily disposed of in the regular way, partly by storage in the liver and partly by combustion with the oxygen inhaled.

Since diabetes is due to inability to consume sugar, myrtillin is likely to prove of great benefit to the millions of sufferers from this disease, which causes over 15 per cent of the deaths in the United States annually. Dr. Allen reports in the Journal of the American Medical Association for November 5th thirty-six cases of diabetics who have been enabled by the use of myrtillin to increase their diet or reduce their use of insulin or both.

It Acts Slowly and Safely

IT IS not expected that myrtillin will altogether replace insulin, which is invaluable for its quick and effective action in bringing back patients that have already reached the stage of stupor preceding death and enabling them to continue their life and ordinary activities for years to come. But such recovered patients remain throughout life dependent upon daily injections of insulin and are liable at any time to collapse from lack of it or from an overdose which reduces the blood sugar below the vital level.

Myrtillin acts more slowly and safely, for even when taken in very large amounts it does not reduce the blood sugar below normal. Taken daily for months causes no injurious effects. In this respect it resembles the vitamins which in minimum amount are essential factors of our food yet do us no harm if we eat too much of them.

Goats, rats and rabbits do not react to myrtillin. They have no need of it since they ordinarily get it from green fodder. But if they have been kept on cooked vegetables they have need of it as much as human beings. This adds to the argument of the dietitians, who have been telling us that we are wasting the best part of our vegetables by throwing away the water in which they are boiled.

When the discovery of myrtillin was reported to the Association of American Physicians at Atlantic City one doctor eagerly asked if huckleberry pie would not work as well, but Dr. Allen had to admit that the fruit contains none of it. Nevertheless I anticipate that the Blueberry Bloc will find a way to get advertising out of the discovery.

According to government statistics the average man is buying 3 suits in 4 years.

Can you wear 3/4 of a suit *and hope to succeed?*

Are you just an *average* man, doing average things, wearing the average three-fourths of a suit a year? Or are you appearing at your *best* always—expressing your individuality in clothes made personally for you?

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Where Jolly Tailors?

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Beautiful Hair— *is always healthy hair!*

BEAUTY... even in hair, is more than skin deep. It comes from *below* the scalp surface. Poor scalp circulation and dandruff are its greatest foes. But if you stop dandruff and stimulate vibrant circulation through your scalp you need not fear thin, lifeless hair nor baldness.

Glover's penetrates down into the scalp. It clears the clogged hair cells. It stimulates tiny dormant glands to action. Circulation is revived. Dandruff is not just temporarily dissolved, *but ended.* And, with repeated treatments, hair grows thick, healthy, and beautiful.

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Great scalp specialists, eminent hairdressers and barbers all recommend Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment. They know it contains no alcohol to dry and tighten the scalp. They have seen it work wonders for men and women alike. Yet the treatment is very simple—ideal to use at home.

This treatment consists of Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap—(all good druggists carry both products). Use them according to the simple directions. The medicine revitalizes your whole scalp—below the surface. The soap brings medicinal cleanliness to your scalp and a glorious soft lustre to your hair.

The persistent and patient use of this treatment will bring you beautiful hair—because it will bring you thick *healthy* hair! That has been proved in thousands and thousands of cases!

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The Brantland Heir

Continued from page 15

complicates matters," said Coyle, returning the old man's shrewd gaze. "To try to hurt you somebody must have known that the little chap was your only grandson."

"Of course," snapped Brantland. "Everybody knows that who reads newspapers. I've settled a fortune on him. That's known too. My life's insured in his favor, besides."

The old man frowned like an ancestral painting. In spite of himself Coyle sought a diversion.

"If I may say so," he said, "your son has had a rather wild reputation. May I remain until he returns, so that I can comb through his life to find a clue?"

"This is your job," the old man replied. "If you can settle this matter, that $10,000 reward goes for you as well as for anybody else."

"Candidly, Mr. Brantland," Coyle said, "I know that you were rather pleased to have your son go to Europe for a year or so after his marriage, and I wonder whether or not anything happened there to bring this about?"

"That's exactly what you're here to find out," said Brantland.

THE testy old man left the matter in the detective's hands and motored back to his own home. Coyle sat for an hour or more in the study, waiting for George Brantland to return, but hoping that Mrs. Brantland might be first home. He then called a servant, the only one in the house, excepting the governess. By bold and outright queries, Coyle obtained nothing from her beyond the fact that she had been in the household for three years, that Mr. and Mrs. Brantland were not overly affectionate and that she had nothing ill to say about the governess, Miss Aker.

"If Miss Aker isn't in bed, please send her here," said Coyle.

He heard the Irishwoman's strident voice calling the governess' name and a quavering reply. Irresolute footsteps sounded on the stairs. Coyle reached for a telephone, and his loud voice screened the further approach of the governess.

"Yes," he barked into the receiver, "Lieutenant Morgan? You've found a youngster answering the description of the Brantland child? Where? Who did it?" His voice rose to an excited pitch: "Hold him there; I'll be right over. At once."

He put up the receiver and, thinking he heard a knock at the door, cried, "Come in." Nobody came. Coyle went to the door and opened it. There was nobody in sight along the passageway leading from the study to the double front doors. He called for the servant, and the Irishwoman peered over the top of a balustrade from an upper floor.

"Where's Miss Aker?" he demanded.

The woman nearly fell down the stairs with surprise.

"She went down there," she protested.

To follow up her words she descended the stairs and joined Coyle in a hunt through the kitchen, a greenhouse in the rear and back yard and cellars. The governess had vanished.

Coyle hurried in a cab to police headquarters. The sergeant on duty recognized him and advised that Mr. Grantland, father of the kidnapped child, had left. Coyle asked for Lieutenant Morgan. Lieutenant Morgan took Coyle into an interior office, a drab, ill-smelling room. Sounds of sobbing came from a side door. The lieutenant curtly explained that a young woman was in there who had come in search of the Brantland youngster.

"She carried on like a mad woman when I told her we hadn't found him," said Morgan.

"If you don't mind," said Coyle quietly, "I'd like to see her alone."

The lieutenant acceded to Coyle's wish.

Until beyond midnight they remained there, the detective alternately soothing and gruff of tone, the woman weeping throughout the ordeal, breaking at last into a sobbing story.

When she had gone in care of a police sergeant to the Brantland home Detective Coyle stretched his length in a chair and slumbered, after the manner of a man lacking nerves, until the morning.

Just before noon, still unshaven and dusty from a tiresome country ride, he arrived at Elbert Brantland's law offices. A secretary admitted Coyle to the old man's presence.

"The police are as helpless as ever," Brantland began by way of greeting. "What have you found out?"

Coyle calmly helped himself to a cigar, deliberately lit it and sat down before his pacing principal.

"I think I've learned what you want to know," he said quietly.

The old man paused.

"Have you found the child?"

"No," said Coyle.

"Then why waste my time?" snapped old Brantland.

Coyle smiled disarmingly. "You know better than anybody else where your grandson is," he said.

"What do you mean?" growled Brantland.

"Because you kidnapped him," said Coyle. "But perhaps that isn't the right word when all you did was to have him carried off to your farm at Woodstock."

Old Brantland straightened up stiff and glowering.

"Go on," he said grimly.

"Your daughter-in-law was the tip-off," said Coyle, calmly smoking. "When she went away to her sister's marriage, I knew something was wrong. I had heard about your son being entangled with a girl, and that governess looked fishy—not personally, I mean, but so young and so long in his service. I planted a phony conversation to police headquarters when I knew she was eavesdropping outside the door. I pretended that I was calling Morgan of the Missing Persons Bureau and that he had found the child. Before I could open the door she had vanished. She went to headquarters, where I talked with her." He paused to relight his cigar. "This morning at Woodstock I learned that your chauffeur had stopped on his way out yesterday afternoon to buy ice-cream cones."

Old Man Brantland stared stonily.

"Chauffeurs don't gorge on cones—usually," said Coyle. "Now"—he leaned across the desk and fixed Brantland with smiling eyes—"you know what you set out to discover: whether or not the boy is your daughter-in-law's son. It's a variation of King Solomon's trick, Mr. Brantland, and it worked just as well."

THE old man's features relaxed. His eyes moistened.

"You're right, Coyle," he said huskily.

"I suppose," the detective added, "your son and wife know their business. They only deceived you for what they thought was everybody's good. Now that you know the truth, it's rather creditable to the two women, isn't it?"

Brantland nodded.

"I'd like to apologize to young Mrs. Brantland for thinking harshly of her," said Coyle, rising. "She must have known, and taken the Aker girl into her home. Risky, but damned decent. The man's to blame in this case. I'd like to tell her so."

"That isn't necessary," said Brantland. He followed the detective to the door. "Now you've settled one thing, how can that boy be returned to his home without telling the newspapers?"

"Simple," said Coyle. "He just turned up at your farm. Ran away for a joke. He's too young to be doubted or questioned."

"That ten thousand is yours, Coyle," said Old Brantland.

"Better give the chauffeur five hundred," grinned Coyle. "He had one terrible night with that kid."

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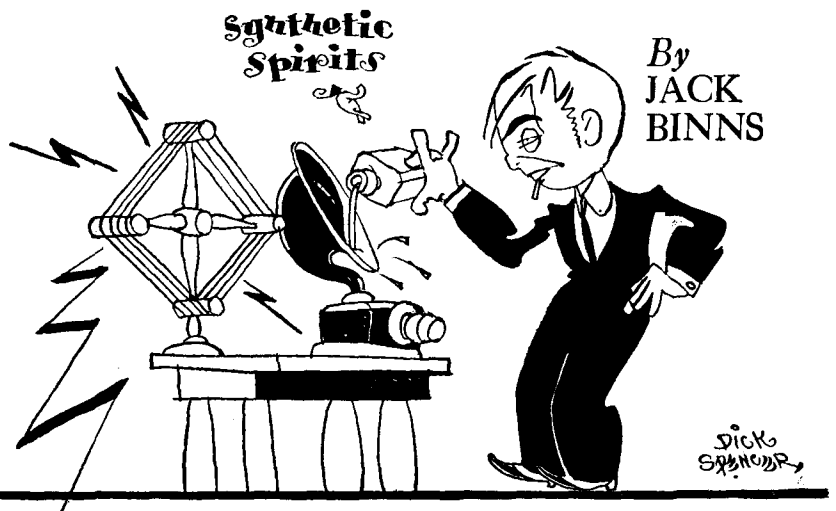
Synthetic Ghosts



THE more conservative experimenters in television (which is the trick name for radio movies) admit it will be many years before the art will be developed to a point where it can be used commercially. One of the interesting problems encountered with the present-day apparatus is the appearance of "ghosts" at the receiving end. These take the form of weird, ethereal faces, ghostlike in appearance and often distorted. They are the result of interference or lack of synchronization between the transmitting and receiving apparatus.

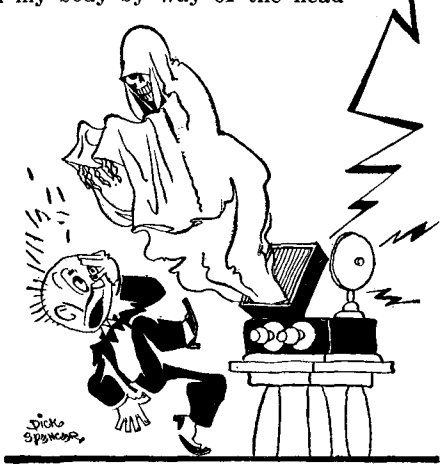
Why not make up a number of television sets as they now are and lease them to clairvoyants? The rental fees would finance further experiments.

Radio the Life Saver

DO RADIO waves affect the human body? Professor J. C. McLennan of the University of Toronto believes that the longer wave lengths, such as those used in transatlantic communication, can be employed to produce in the blood of human beings the temperatures necessary to destroy disease-forming organisms without injury to the patient. This, he thinks, will be vitally important in preventing collapse.

On the other hand, in the experimental transmission laboratories at Schenectady it was noticed that one of the observers had high blood pressure after he had come in contact with very short radio waves. Experiments are now being conducted to determine whether it will be necessary to shield operators as in the case of X-Rays.

This reminds me of the occasion at sea twenty years ago when I leaned over the transmitting key to adjust the spark gap without pulling the main switch. About 50,000 volts passed through my body by way of the headgear. How long it was before I awoke I don't know, yet the only harm that resulted was the development of a chronic inability to keep hold of currency.



The experiments of Professor McLennan are based on observations at long-wave stations where the operators showed no increased temperature during the period of operation. It looks as though radio is about to add another form of life saving to its already long record of achievement.

Getting Out the Vote

ONE of the greatest potential sources of national good is the new chain programs sponsored by the League of Women Voters known as the Voters' Service. To be effective it must be handled intelligently and its subject matter, although possibly covering partisan points, should be nonpartisan in presentation.

In this country two of our greatest troubles are that too many citizens vote a party ticket blindly and regularly, and that national, state and local elections are too closely bound together.

We require political parties to formulate policies and principles so that electors can exercise a selection representing the carefully weighed opinion of the majority. What we really have is an electorate that chiefly casts a ballot for a party instead of voting its choice of pertinent principles. If the new Radio Voters' Service can overcome this it will have performed a great public service.

Electrocute Them

THE Federal Radio Commission has been considering the possibility of staggering the broadcasting channels so that stations on the Atlantic coast will operate five kilocycles apart from stations on the Pacific wherever they have hitherto been operating in the same channel. This is not a solution of the problem, and it will only lead to other complications of interference.

There are but two possible alternative solutions to the congested conditions of the ether: First, complete elimination of three hundred superfluous broadcasters. Second, divide time on the air so that no more than three hundred stations are operating simultaneously throughout the country. Of these two the first is best because it will give immediate relief and also prevent the possibility of squabbles over the choicest time periods.

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The 130th Formula Won

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a triumph of one of the world's greatest soap laboratories. Sixty-five years' experience stand behind that name.

When we first set out we sought the advice of 1000 men on what they thought a shaving cream should be. They told us four things—we added the fifth. But not until formula after formula had failed to satisfy in one way or another.

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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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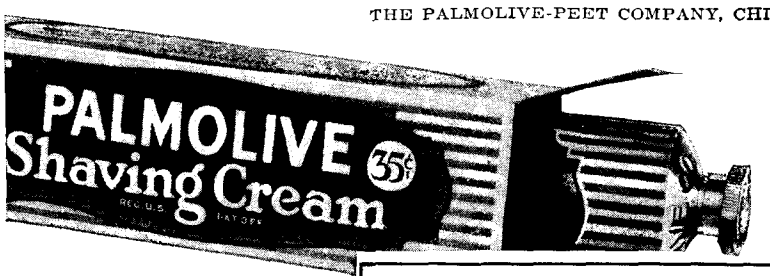

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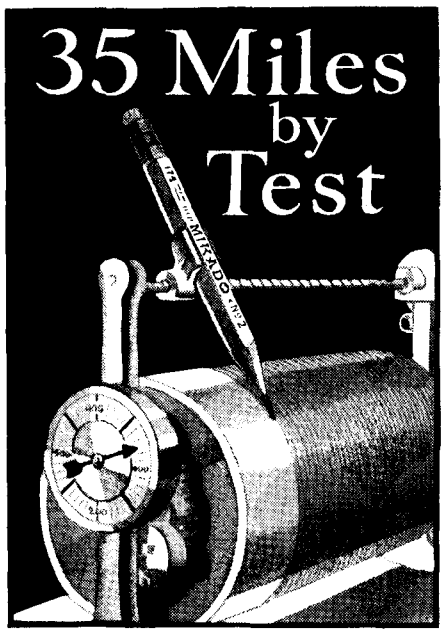

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Ring Lardner

Continued from page 16

potatoes. From 12 to 1 he reads a sentence. From 1 to 3 he manicures himself all over. From 3 to 4 he practices expression, and from 4 to 5 cheek breathing. A good many boxers pick out the wrong features to breathe through, features that may get stopped up."

When Ring purchased his first automobile he thought he was a good driver before anyone else did. In the most congested street in Chicago he grazed a woman pedestrian with his mudguard. She was unhurt, but mad clear through, and shortly Ring was surrounded by policemen and curious people. There he sat solemn and silent. A friend came along, saw Ring, and pushed through the crowd.

"What's the matter, Ring?" he asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes," was the unexpected reply. "Get the hell out of here. Ain't there people enough around already?"

Two or three years ago he sent out Christmas cards. They were typed on plain copy paper, the product of his own typewriter, and read as follows:

We've got so many aunt-in-laws
Who seem to think we're Santa Claus
That we just can't afford to spend
No money on a casual friend.

And what did you give us last December?
Nothing, so far as we remember,
So all you get is Merry Christmas
From Mr. Lardner and the Mrs.

And speaking of the Mrs., a newspaper woman once asked a lot of authors to contribute to a symposium. The big idea was to show how their wives had helped them. Most of them said their wives had been swell helpmates and great pals; they would be in the gutter now except for the support of the little woman.

Now, Lardner thinks Mrs. Lardner is the ace of the world; nevertheless he wrote as follows:

"I was never one to keep a diary, and so must depend on an unsteady, Volsteady memory for the things my wife has done for me. In 1914 or 1915, I think it was July, she cleaned my white shoes. In 1918 she told the man at the draft board that she and three kiddies were dependent on me for support. In 1921 and again in 1923 she brought in some ice, White Rock and glasses.

"She dusted my typewriter in 1922. Late one night in 1924 we got home from somewhere and I said I was hungry and she gave me a verbal picture of the location of the pantry.

"Once a man named Morris called me up and she told him I was out of town.

"Once I bid a no-trump, and she took me out in spades and we were set three tricks.

"Once we were in the car and got stalled, and she suggested that the car must be out of gas. Another time I quit cigarettes, and she felt sorry for me.

"When I was away from home attending high school she did all the plowing and fed the shote.

"Once we went on a trip, and it was going to take us all night to get there and we had a section on the sleeping car, and just as I was nearly crazy trying to guess whether I should take the lower or upper berth she solved the problem by crawling into the lower berth. Once a waiter was going to put two lumps of sugar in my coffee, and my wife stopped him. She didn't touch him or call him a name, but she just said, 'Only one lump!' And he did not put the other lump in. He was panicky. And back in 1910 I asked her to marry me right away; but she wouldn't do it till 1911."

Lardner and Hugh Fullerton seemed as much a part of the old Cubs as Frank Chance himself. One afternoon they were in Stillson's, just across from the old Chicago Tribune office. Ring wanted Fullerton to stay to dinner. Hughie said they had guests and he had given bond that he would dine at home.

"If she says it's all right for you to stay, will you?" Ring asked.

"She won't," said Hughie.

Lardner went to the telephone, returning shortly with:

"She not only says it's all right for you to stay, but that she insists upon it."

"I think I will call her up myself," Fullerton decided.

Mrs. Fullerton's husband tells the story now with a lot of laughs, but I am told that he didn't even smile as he scurried out of Stillson's for home after telephoning. Ring had informed Mrs. Fullerton that her husband was downtown and slightly stewed.

"Shall I keep him down here or send him home?"

"Keep him down there," advised Mrs. Fullerton.

When Lardner first came to Chicago to look for a job someone had given him a letter to Fullerton, then sporting editor of the Tribune. When the letter was presented, Hughie, as was the custom, said:

"Let's go across the street and have a drink and talk it over."

"I don't drink," replied Ring.

"You'll be in a fine fix around here if you don't."

"Well, that's what they told me to say when I asked for a job."

P. S. They got the drink and Ring got the job.

"To what do you attribute your success?" I asked Lardner, to make this account of him official.

"To Home Run cigarettes and a family with extravagant tastes which always needs money," was the unqualified answer.

The Battle of PALM BEACH

Ring Lardner, Gene Tunney, Grantland Rice and Rube Goldberg played golf together recently. Tex Rickard also went a round. The score cards have been buried in Lardner's back yard and nothing remains of the match except a few bruised spirits, which are faithlessly described in next week's Collier's by

RING LARDNER

Nameographs

Tck! tck! tck! What won't those Nameographers be thinking of next. If you've never tried one grab a pencil and get started. It's amazing how letters lend themselves to forming pictures. And apart from the fun you'll have there's the chance of collecting $5.00 for your Nameograph if you send it to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

"Ale," by Stephen Martinko, 1814 Oakwood Ave., Youngstown, Ohio

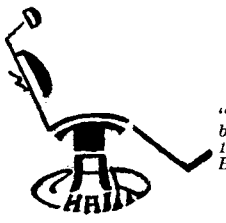
"Skating," by Harry Weid, 2920 Cedar St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Maud," by Luther Irby, Marionville, Mo.

"West Point," by A. S. Newman, Fort Benning, Ga.

"Flag," by Charles S. Ashworth, 148 Day Ave. S. W., Roanoke, Va.

"Charles G. Dawes," by Guy Rainsford, Jr., 17 Pierpont Rd., West Roxbury, Mass.



"Dental Chair," by H. Phillips, 1006 Flatiron Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

"20th Century Limited," by Delmar Kain, 649 Dennison Ave., Dayton, Ohio

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What Size, Please?

Continued from page 26

"Oh, no, thank you," she said. "No more vegetables."

"Carrots for my hair," pursued Adam. "And peas for my green eyes. . . ."

She saw then what he meant. "Oh, aren't you funny!" she cried.

"Am—am I?" said Adam. All of a sudden he found himself laughing. Adam had never laughed before at the Carrots-and-Peas joke.

"Anyway," blurted Adam, "I appreciate you."

Adam could not understand afterward how he had happened to say such a thing to a girl like Miss Joan Causeland. It just popped out.

NATURALLY, however, this slip of his made him very careful the next time he lunched with Joan at Guilprey's.

"The trouble is," said Joan, immensely earnest over it, "that you don't even look at your lady customers. I don't believe," she said slowly, "that you've ever really looked at *me*, after all the lessons I've given you. I don't believe you could tell this minute what I have on." It was a challenge.

"Oh, yes, I could," said Adam. "You have on a pair of Walkalong brown calf Oxford ties. Kid-lined; hand-turned soles. Springer rubber heel; padded inner; flexible upper; pure silk fringed cord; 3½ Double A. . . ."

Joan's laughter interrupted him. "But what about my dress?"

"Ah . . . brown," hazarded Adam.

"Leaf-mold," she corrected him. "Assymmetrical appliqué in autumn orange. And what about *me?* Dark or fair?"

"Fair," said Adam.

"Big or little?"

"Little," said Adam.

"Hair long or short?"

"Long," said Adam. And he added, unexpectedly, "You used to have a terrible cute bob."

Joan Causeland leaned forward against the edge of the table. "How do you know?"

"Leon Driver told me," mumbled Adam.

And upon that Joan Causeland straightened up again. "Perhaps Mr. Driver mentioned the color of my eyes too," she said shortly. "What color are they?"

"I d'know," said Adam.

"Well, look and see," said Joan. Adam Paige looked. Of course he had looked at Joan Causeland plenty of times before, but never like this, right straight into her eyes across such a narrow table.

"Oh, I d'know," said Adam miserably. "Can't tell the color of eyes like yours just by looking at them. Blue, I guess. But they've got kind of bright spots in 'em. . . ." He broke off in confusion.

Joan Causeland brushed the crumbs of cake calmly off her fingers. "That's not half bad," she said. "If I were a customer, I dare say you could sell me a slave bracelet and a string of imitation pearls on the strength of that."

Her words brought Adam back to business with a bump.

All the same it was just then, while he was looking straight into those blue eyes with the bright spots, that Adam had the attack of amnesia. He forgot that Miss Joan Causeland was a shopping expert. He forgot even that she was Miss Joan Causeland. He just remembered that she was there.

After that, in the interests of business, Adam and Joan lunched together almost every noon. Joan gave him lessons in how to treat lady customers.

"Customers like to have you say nice things to them," Joan instructed him.

And Joan would pretend that she was a customer, and Adam would practice saying nice things to her while they ate. The easy ones he learned right away. Things like, "With your coloring you can wear anything." And, "This blue is very trying to most people, but with your eyes—" But some of them were harder. Sometimes he would spend a whole lunch hour getting one just right before he dared say it.

"When you look at me like that I don't have any judgment left!" That was one of his most successful tries. Joan applauded him like anything the time he thought of that. And when he told her one day that her hair was the color of honey in a clear glass jar, she told him that he was a graduate from the compliment class and there was nothing more she could teach him.

Adam was sorry to hear this. But presently it developed that he was really shamefully ignorant about ladies' evening dresses, and Joan kindly offered to go with him to a country-club dance and explain things a little. It was necessary, finally, for them to go to a number of dances before the matter was cleared up.

Joan wore a different dress every night. But Adam liked her best in the straight white one, with the tumbling silver flower on her shoulder and the silver slippers. He told her that he had known the first minute he saw her that she ought to wear white and silver.

Joan laughed softly. "Very nice," she said. "After that I shouldn't wonder if you could sell me that imitation ermine evening wrap that's getting so shopworn."

"Think so?" said Adam. He knew he should have been pleased. But somehow he felt only vaguely disappointed.

Unreasonably enough, though no notable contributions were made to the science of business administration, Adam was better pleased with the drive home. Joan sent away the purring Causeland limousine and Adam drove her in his own rattlety snub-nosed car, that went bounding and racketing over the roads, kicking up its hind tires at every inequality and piling its occupants into one corner at the turns. Joan Causeland, worn out with business cares, rested her head against Adam's shoulder and said that she loved a car that had some individuality.

OF COURSE it was just about then that something had to happen. It was a small thing in itself. Just that Adam and Joan went to lunch again together, and Leon Driver joined them.

Leon Driver, to be sure, had just as good a right to a little business discussion over the noonday salad as Adam Paige had, and it would have been absurd for Adam to resent his coming. Nevertheless, there was that about Driver, from the moment that he pulled out the third chair at a table which Adam had come to consider as being built for two, that made Adam feel about as necessary as a spare tire with a hole in it. Perhaps it was just Driver's general sleekness, the glibness with which he took charge of the things and ordered the waiter round.

"Little business talk, what?" inquired Driver.

"We were discussing the new fall shades," Joan explained.

"Pretty darn' nice of you, spending so much time on business. Everybody's talking about it. Give up all your noon hours. . . ."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Joan. "I'm interested in business."

Adam felt like a pauper. He did not like that phrase "give up"!

"'Course I got some points I could talk over with you myself," Leon Driver continued. "Marking down that imitation ermine cape, f'r instance. All it's good for is a carriage robe. . . . But there, I'm not one to impose on your good nature, talking business at the table."

Adam pushed back his chair a little. Imposing, was he?

Driver hurried on again before anyone could speak. "Besides," he said, "when I'm with you I got other things to think about than business." He was leaning across the corner of the table toward her—rather close. His word implied meetings that Adam knew nothing of. Adam suspected that he was reaching for Joan's hand under the edge

(*Continued on page 46*)

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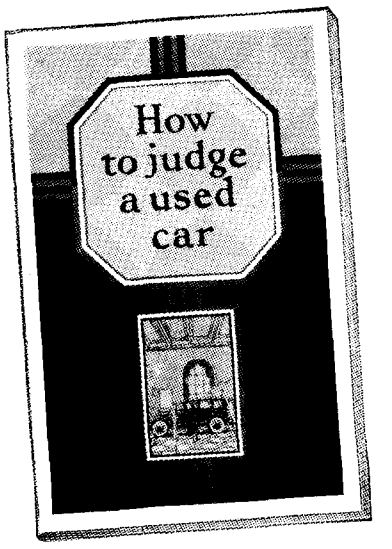

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What Size, Please?

Continued from page 45

of the table. Joan did not draw away.

Adam found himself standing up.

What excuse he gave for leaving them Adam never quite knew; he thought he heard a strange voice saying something about a customer at two o'clock.

"Be late, won't you?" Driver suggested. And even Joan did not urge him to stay.

Adam had been sailing with the clouds. Now he came down to earth. He came down hard. Of course, Joan Causeland's interest in him was a purely business interest.

Leon Driver had made it pretty plain what people were saying: Adam Paige, $35-a-week man, hanging on to Joan Causeland's million-dollar skirts. Making business an excuse for meeting her. Pretending to learn advice to customers, when what he needed himself was advice to the lovelorn. . . .

IT WAS well after two o'clock that afternoon when Adam Paige walked into the shopping service department of the Causeland Stores. He threw his hat across the room, and it settled unerringly upon a peg. Adam had decided a number of things on the way back from Guilprey's.

Briefly, Adam had decided to *show* them. He'd show them he was the man for that one job. He'd show them he could take the first customer that came and sell the hardest thing there was to sell in the whole Causeland Stores. He'd sell that imitation ermine cape, that's what he'd sell—even if the customer wanted royal purple crêpe de chine forty inches wide. And after that . . . Adam did not quite put into words, even to himself, what he meant by *after that*.

"Anybody in the waiting-room?" he asked the secretary.

"Lady for Mr. Driver."

"I'll take her," said Adam. He went striding across the office as if he meant to walk around the world in ninety days.

Adam Paige had never looked so handsome as he looked at the moment when he jerked open that waiting-room door. He had never looked so tall and broad and red-headed and determined. He had never looked so—mad.

"Good afternoon," he began. Then he stopped. The customer was eating chocolates out of a large box; she had hair that was too yellow and cheeks that were too pink. . . .

In the instant that they faced each other, three plans flashed through Adam's mind. The first was flight. The second, concealment. The third . . .

"Good afternoon . . . Meta," he finished.

Meta Prendeville was confused. "I came to see Leon," she said. "Leon Driver. I didn't know you worked here too. I . . ."

"Driver's out now," Adam told her. "Lunch. But I can be showing you round till he comes." He swallowed—twice. Meta would be the hardest customer he could have. "I've got a little fur wrap downstairs I'd like to have you see."

"But I don't want a wrap," began Meta.

"This way," said Adam.

Presently they were going down the elevator. But it was not Meta Prendeville that he was riding with—not Meta Prendeville who had *laughed* at him that time and made a mess of everything for two years and three months and then some. He was riding with Opportunity.

"Step, please," said the elevator boy. Adam took Opportunity by the elbow and helped her step.

"Oo," squealed Meta. "You're pinching."

"I mean to pinch," said Adam whimsically. "When you get to the coat department, I'll pinch your pocketbook."

Meta laughed at this. Adam could see her looking up at him sidewise, noticing his new suit. It was a good suit too. It was accompanied by a good tie and good linen and other good things, such as a red head, held high, and little puckers of determination in the corners of his mouth.

"Say, you're a lot different from what you used to be in Somerset," said Meta.

"I'm a lot different from what I used to be this morning," agreed Adam.

In the coat department Adam called for the ermine wrap and motioned away the sales person with a grand gesture.

At this hour the place was practically deserted: a customer or two at the far end; a sprinkle of waiting salesgirls. After a time Adam noticed a waving of curtains in an adjacent fitting-room, indicating an occupant inside. But that hardly mattered. In the artificial light the wrap did not look so very shopworn.

"Try it," said Adam.

"Goodness," objected Meta, "I wouldn't buy anything like that." And she began to unbutton her coat.

Adam flung the wrap about her shoulders. But he was not drawing folds of imitation fur, slightly damaged, about a pudgy young person who should have begun to diet four years ago. Suddenly the fur was perfect, real, very white. There was a silver flower on the shoulder. There were silver slippers. Above it . . . little high-held head under a crown of fair hair, knotted in a slender proud young neck. Little tilted chin. Soft deep color in smooth cheeks, softly deepening. . . .

"With your coloring," said Adam, "you can wear anything." And he added: "White is very trying for most people, but with your eyes—"

"Do you really think it's becoming?"

"When you look at me like that," said Adam, "I haven't any judgment left."

After that it was all a dream, that came to an end when Adam was making out the sales slip. Meta was parading up and down before him, wheeling and turning. "The very first minute I saw you . . ." he began. And suddenly the dream was gone, and before him was a plump, pink-faced little girl with a fuzzy permanent wave, tricked out in a fat, unsuitable white cape that made her look ridiculous.

It just wouldn't—do. Adam was seized with one of those terrifying bursts of honesty.

"It seems a kind of crazy thing to buy," Meta was saying. "But if you really advise it—"

"I don't advise it," said Adam. Actually he said it. "It's last year's model. It's slightly shopworn. It isn't real fur, anyway." He added: "I'll call Leon Driver. He'll tell you it ought to be a carriage robe."

Actually he did that too. He left them together, Meta's giggle floating after him down the aisle. "Oo, Leon, you're pinching."

Adam Paige climbed twelve flights of stairs, forgetting there was an elevator, and plodded down the corridor toward the front office. He'd lost the job now. All he could do was to sell flat-bottomed shoes to old ladies with bunions.

He rounded the last corner. Huddled in a chair beside the window, with her knees up and her elbows on her knees, was Joan Causeland. Adam came to a stop before her, eyes on the floor. Might as well tell her now.

"I want to see your father," he said. "Going to resign."

"Well, I wish you would," Joan flashed out at him fiercely.

So she'd already heard what he'd done. Just as well, maybe. Save telling her. "So you—know."

"All about it," said Joan. "I was right there in the next fitting-room all the time."

"Oh," said Adam. There didn't seem to be much else to say after that.

"I s'pose Father will just about make you a partner, or something," said Joan bitterly. "Always talking about how honest you are. Honest! You! That's all he knows about it!"

It wasn't like Joan to be sarcastic. Still, she *had* been nice to him. He ought to try to thank her. "I'm much obliged," he said, "for all your—trouble." And he added: "I guess at first down there I got in about all the tricks you taught me too."

"So I noticed," said Joan. "Why, you said everything to that girl that you've ever said to me."

"Almost everything," said Adam.

"You took hold of her arm—as if you liked it."

"Did I?" said Adam.

"You even said—" Suddenly Joan Causeland lifted one of her Walkalong brown calf Oxford ties and gave a kick at the wall beside her; she kicked hard so that she skinned the outside of the leather right off the toe cap. And upon that Adam Paige looked—right straight up at Joan.

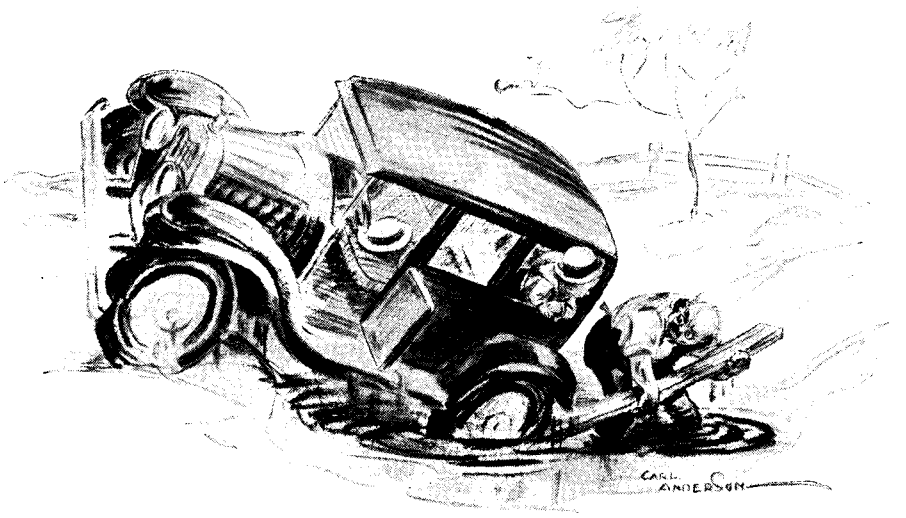
Joan's cheeks were blazing with high unbusinesslike color. There was a little unbusinesslike quiver in her chin. In those blue, blue eyes of hers there was brightness that was different from the brightness that Adam knew; and suddenly this brightness brimmed right over and ran down her cheeks.

"*Oh!*" sobbed Joan. "I just *hate* b-b-business."

ADAM PAIGE was kneeling at a fair young lady's feet. His knees pressed hard against the floor; his hands, tight-clenched, pressed hard against his knees; his breath came thick and heavy as if it might stop coming altogether. The most beautiful person in the world was very, very near. It was this nearness that took his breath away—this and other things.

He caught a deep breath—blurted it right out: "Do you think possibly you could ever—*love me?*"

From somewhere up above his head there came a soft little sound like a caught breath. "Silly!" said the most beautiful person in the world. "I loved you from the beginning. And I thought I never could get you interested in anything but . . . business."



"Papa, may I come out and play in the puddle, too?"

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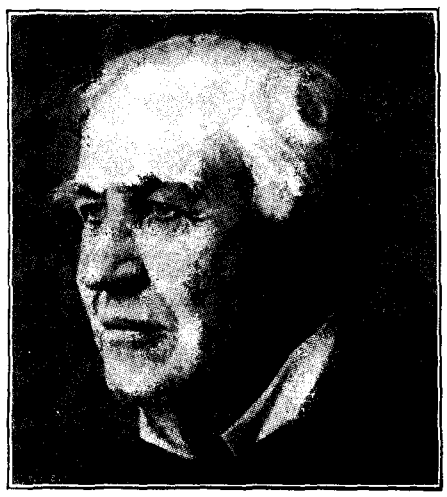

When Thomas Edison *groped in the dark*

IN 1859 Edison was a newsboy on the trains in and out of Detroit. He spent every hour he could spare in the public library "grappling bravely with a certain section, and trying to read it through consecutively, shelf by shelf, regardless of subject."

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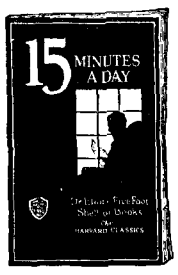

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It Seems There Were Two Irishmen

Continued from page 9

from the achievements of Lexington or of Concord. The men of each place and of other near-by towns and farms had been equally ready and equally brave. They had stalked out into the dawn to face the king's veterans without a thought of credit; it remained for politicians and a later generation's jealousy to raise that.

What the prideful townsfolk of Lexington had done on a small and justifiable and wholly honorable scale in 1824 certain elements in this country began to do wholesale and recklessly after the World War had demonstrated:

(1) The enormous possibilities of applied propaganda.

(2) The conflicting interests in the racial spectrum which is the United States.

Lively Pictures of Wickedness

PROFESSOR WILLIAM E. DODD of the University of Chicago—one of the nation's most eminent historical scholars—has this to say about the genesis of the present textbook agitation and certain of its aspects:

"Anyone whose recollections run further back than the stormy days of Theodore Roosevelt can hardly fail to recall the pictures which school texts left upon his mind—the early Virginians bent upon finding rich deposits of gold; the saintly Pilgrims landing upon Plymouth Rock on a snowy day to found the kingdom of God on earth; George Washington in a frail boat crossing the Delaware at the imminent peril of his life; British prison ships dumping the dead bodies of American patriots into New York Harbor! Lively pictures of heroic virtues and dastardly wickedness. The representatives of the British people guilty of all the crimes. The American revolutionists innocent victims of a brutal tyranny which they threw off by their own unaided strength.

"Are pictures of that sort true?

"Herbert B. Adams did not think so. He believed that more honest and less emotional historians must train succeeding generations to a gentler and more balanced view.

"In this spirit he set up a school of history at Johns Hopkins University about 1880. In 1884 he led in the organization of the American Historical Association. The elder Bancroftian drum-and-fife history of the United States was immediately under attack.

"One of the first fruits of this new teaching was The Epochs of American History, three little volumes edited by Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard.

"With Hart there were others—Woodrow Wilson, teaching that the Civil War was not all a mere Southern crime; Frederick J. Turner, urging that all American sections had always sought to exploit the country for their own good; James F. Jameson, unable to preach British wickedness into every conflict of Revolutionary opinion. It was a new history in fact rather than in imagination, the American Historical Association giving form and force to it.

"The Germans, more and more powerful in the world of trade and finance, fared ill in this simple application of a more truthful history. Unwilling to leave matters to take their course, a German-American Alliance was organized by Carl Schurz. A magazine was published and exchange professors set up.

"The Great War came. English unions and German vereins everywhere opened doors, pressing upon the American public the essential righteousness of their course. Pictures of the Kaiser got into Chicago schoolbooks, and Dr. Dernburg, a German official propagandist, assisted in the organization of Irish folk lore societies.

"Woodrow Wilson sounded a note of warning in his phrase, 'America first.' And American participation in the Great War postponed the struggle of the race elements at home. But the moment the firing ceased overseas the animosities of the preceding decade kindled afresh."

To all of us, of course, the post-war trend of the controversy is familiar. The real storm broke with the investigation conducted by David Hirshfield, Commissioner of Accounts in New York City under Mayor Hylan, in 1921-22. Recently it suffered another flare-up, of similar proportions and nature, in Chicago.

It is simple to dismiss such manifestations as mere political hubbub. But there is something far more vital at stake. Professor Dodd sees it in this wise:

"The melting pot has ceased to melt. German children in American schools must have history to suit German parents. Irish parents cannot think of a history of the American Revolution which fails to record in detail the deeds of Irish heroes. Polish citizens grow excited if Casimir Pulaski and Tadeusz Andrzrya Bonawentura Kosciuszko do not figure along with George Washington in the picture."

It is of supreme importance for every American citizen to find out whether, perhaps, some historians, as well as their political critics, haven't been relating historical events in the same irresponsible spirit that your witty friend buttonholes you with, "Did you hear this one? It seems there were two Irishmen, Benny and Abie." . . .

The historians and textbooks most frequently mentioned in various phases of the investigation are:

a. Albert Bushnell Hart—School History of the United States.

b. David S. Muzzey, American History (revised).

c. W. M. West, History of the American People.

d. McLaughlin and Van Tyne, History of the United States for Schools.

e. W. B. Guitteau, Our United States: A History.

f. Arthur M. Schlesinger, New Viewpoints in American History.

Among other historians whose scholarship has fallen under the frowns of the investigators are J. P. O'Hara, Everett Barnes, Willis and Ruth West, Halleck, Ward, and Matthew Page Andrews.

Chicago's Only Approved History

THE major events and personalities which, it is alleged by the investigators, have been corrupted to suit pro-British influence include:

1. *The Boston Massacre.*

The traditional version of this affair, acceptable to the Hirshfield and Thompson investigators and based on Bancroft's History of the United States, harks back to September, 1768, when two redcoat infantry regiments were landed in Boston with artillery to bully the people into submission. Under the Quartering Act the colonial patriots were required to billet the troops, but General Gage was forced to hire quarters at dear rental for them. Friction rapidly developed between the townspeople and the redcoats because of the overbearing attitude of the latter, who did everything in their power to annoy the Bostonians—including holding horse races on the Sabbath and singing vulgar songs near the meeting houses during divine worship.

Bancroft goes on:

"The evening of the fifth [of March, 1770] came on. The young moon was shining in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new-fallen snow. Parties of soldiers were driving about the streets making a parade of valor, challenging resistance and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately with sticks or sheathed cutlasses. Of the citizens the more prudent shouted 'Home, Home.' . . . None provoked them [the soldiers] until they began loading. . . . 'You are cowardly rascals for bringing your guns against naked men. Lay aside your guns and we are ready for you. . . . Come on, you rascals, you bloody backs, you lobster scoundrels, fire if you dare.' Just then one soldier received a blow from a stick and the word 'Fire' being given by Preston . . .

(*Continued on page 48*)

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"

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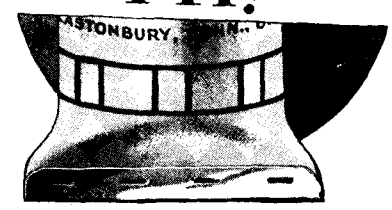

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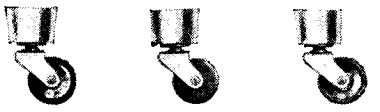

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It Seems There Were Two Irishmen

Continued from page 47

the soldiers fired slowly and in succession on the people who were dispersing. 'This is our time,' cried the soldiers, and dogs were never seen more greedy for their prey." . . .

Then there is the one modern history textbook which a Thompson investigator has declared to be worthy of use in the public schools of Chicago. It is the History of America, written by Carl Russell Fish. It is both interesting and illuminating to add to this comparison of historical interpretations the notice which Fish accords the Boston Massacre:

". . . The enforcement of the Navigation Act was most difficult. To assist the officers [of the Crown] troops were stationed there [Boston]. They were very unpopular, and several times there was danger of conflict between them and the townspeople. In December, 1770, some soldiers actually fired on a crowd that was showing its dislike by throwing snowballs. This is known as the Boston Massacre."

This textbook is published by the American Book Company, copyright 1925.

A lapse in scholarship must be noted in the date given—December, 1770. The Boston Massacre took place in March, 1770.

Now let us open a history of the newer scholarship—a history of the sort most under fire, and by one of the writers most criticized, The American Adventure, by Professor David S. Muzzey of Columbia University.

"Roughs baited the redcoats in the streets, pelting them with brickbats and calling them 'lobsters' and 'bloody backs.' In the riot that followed, March 5, 1770, five men were killed. The funeral of these victims of the 'Boston Massacre' was made the occasion for a popular demonstration, engineered by Samuel Adams, and each anniversary of the affray was celebrated in Boston with incendiary speeches against British tyranny until the Fourth of July furnished a nobler patriotic holiday."

It must be borne in mind that Professor Muzzey's account belongs strictly to the more intellectual and less emotional school of history. Professor Muzzey was born in Lexington, Mass., and is a direct descendant of one of the minutemen killed on April 19, 1775. The very battle, in fact, was fought on ground owned by his ancestors.

Professor Muzzey has answered the charges of the textbook investigators that he is "pro-British" by a suit for libel and $100,000 damages.

As a sidelight, it is well to consider John Adams' scathing denunciation of the members of the Boston mob as "undesirable citizens." John Adams DEFENDED THE SOLDIERS in their trial for manslaughter growing out of the riot.

The Ringleader

TYPICAL of the demands by various elements in the country for emphasized recognition in Revolutionary history, William Pickens, a Negro representing the country's colored people, wishes it to be known to all school children that the first man killed in the Boston riots of 1770 was a Negro.

This was Crispus Attucks. The most definite historical evidence shows him to have been a half-breed Indian, or a mulatto, who was born in Framingham, Mass., according to the New International Encyclopedia. Some witnesses claimed that he was a ringleader in the mob John Adams so bitingly arraigned.

2. *Bunker Hill.*

According to the Hirshfield-Thompson idea this engagement was a brilliant victory for the colonials, who retreated only because of the failure of their ammunition—and won though they lost, as it were.

Fish, the approved textbook writer, describes the battle in this fashion:

". . . Next day the British attacked them [the patriots who had fortified Breed's Hill] and drove them off, but the Americans fought so well and inflicted such losses that wherever the battle was reported men became confident that the Americans would never be subdued."

Only One Life to Lose

THIS view, held by the American troops who participated, is sympathized with by all writers of school textbooks and by competent military critics. However, McLaughlin and Van Tyne, in their school history, qualify the matter by remarking, according to Hirshfield investigation testimony of 1922: "British pluck triumphed. To march, as those British soldiers did, straight up to the works, so near that each man felt that the farmer who was aiming at him could not miss, required a nerve as steady as that ever shown on any battle field."

The generosity of this paragraph is vigorously objected to by the investigators and is one of the major reasons for their prejudice against the joint work of these scholars.

3. *Nathan Hale.*

The investigators find that in certain textbooks reference to Nathan **Hale is** omitted. The authors of the offending textbooks are Guitteau, Morris, Moran, McLaughlin, Hart, Halleck and others.

The old schoolbook story is substantially this:

"Thrown into jail, he was treated with great cruelty by his captors. His personal trinkets were stolen. His letters to his mother and a comrade in arms were torn up before his eyes, and he was subjected to every indignity. Through it all Nathan Hale kept his head high, and as he mounted the scaffold he declared, 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.'"

On their side the new-school historians advance as justification for leaving out Nathan Hale the fact that he is purely a sentimental hero. As such there is scant place for him in a BRIEF survey of social and economic forces designed to appeal to the brains of children rather than to their prejudices. Hale accomplished nothing of military or political value. When he landed at Huntington, Long Island, he not only stepped from the boat, but he stepped completely and forever from the official notice of history. The rest of the Nathan Hale tradition is founded on pure hearsay: an alleged conversation of a British officer with an American under a flag of truce.

The only plausible clue to the fate of Nathan Hale is this notation in the diary of a British officer:

"Sept. 22, 1776, New York. A spy from the enemy (by his own full confession), apprehended last night, was this day executed at 11 o'clock in front of the artillery park."

The New York committee's interest in Hale lagged, however, when it became apparent that Hale was a New England and not a New York hero. It was remarked that New England had more than its fair share of Revolutionary heroes because most of the historians were New Englanders!

4. *Causes of the Revolution.*

The Hirshfield-Thompson idea, briefly, is that the Revolution was brought about solely by the petty tyrannies and cruelties of King George III.

The modern scholars of American history believe, however, that the causes go deeper than this—that they have their roots in complex social and economic factors which cannot be summarized by a glittering generality.

In the opinion of these scholars the question of "who fired first" becomes merely a matter of interesting historical speculation. The important thing is that somebody was inspired to fire and thus precipitate the upheaval of forces which culminated in the success of the American Revolution, the founding of American independence—and a fine, firm step forward in the progress of the human race.

This, of course, is an appeal to the intellect. It is, in the opinion of the historians, a far more inspiriting view, when UNDERSTOOD, than sword rattling and bell ringing.

5. *The Irish and Other Races in the Revolution.*

The Hirshfield-Thompson investigators drub most of the historians mentioned in the foregoing sections for their failure to emphasize such men as De Kalb, Von Steuben, Pulaski and Kosciuszko and for their failure to accord detailed credit to the Scots, Germans, Poles and Irish.

Fish devotes many laudatory paragraphs to the races who have agitated for greater recognition. He writes:

"Judged by the names of the people in the census of 1790, about 82 per cent of the white population came from England and Wales, 7 per cent from Scotland and Scotch Ireland, and in every colony except Pennsylvania and New York the Scotch were second in number; 5½ per cent came from Germany and the great majority of these lived in Pennsylvania, where they were second in number; 2½ per cent were Dutch, living in New York, where they were second in number; the Irish were about 2 per cent and the French less than 1 per cent, both widely scattered over the Thirteen Colonies."

Mr. Fish holds out this consoling footnote:

"These percentages undoubtedly undervalue the smaller nationalities, for many changed their names for convenience. They are given, however, as there is no other way of making an estimate. The percentages are those adopted by the United States Census Bureau."

The Old and the New

WE HAVE already seen that the modern trend toward impersonal and objective history textbooks is calculated to give children a more rational appreciation of the Republic's foundations. Now as a sign that historians do not omit traditional heroes whenever mention of them rightfully fits into the texts at hand, is this quotation from David S. Muzzey:

"Among the snows of Valley Forge the presence of Lafayette, Steuben and Pulaski was a visible proof that the cause of the American patriots was becoming the cause of Europe."

This excerpt aptly delineates the difference between the old and the new schools of historical interpretation. Muzzey does not see the foreigners merely as isolated soldiers of fortune casting their adventurous lot with the colonials. He sees them as symptoms of a far-reaching social and moral interest and sympathy.

6. *Great Men.*

The investigators take sharp exception to such references in the criticized histories as:

"John Hancock was a smuggler, and his father was before him."

"Thomas Jefferson was a liar, an atheist, and a demagogue."

"George Washington swore, drank, and gambled."

"Patrick Henry was a drunkard."

"Samuel Adams was a shrewd, hard-headed political boss."

The modern historical scholars, for their part, declare that, far from detracting from our great leaders, it adds luster to their achievements to know that they were not supermen or gods but just plain human beings—Valley Forge would have been no hardship for gods.

Lastly, the historians charge, the investigators give unmeant harshness to these characterizations by separating them from their texts. For instance, the text of the modern histories goes on to explain that Hancock was a smuggler not in the modern significance of the term, but in the sense that all the pa-

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triotic colonial merchants were smugglers—he, like they, outwitted the king's unjust Navigation Acts.

7. *The war of 1812.*

The treatment of this, our last armed clash with England, by the alleged pro-British textbook writers is assailed by the investigators quite as vigorously as the Revolutionary chapters, but with somewhat less specific mention of detail.

The most important criticism is the use, by nearly all the historians, of the term "mother country" in referring to England.

However, as in the rows about the Revolution, the investigators seized for the most part upon less abstract and more sentimental subjects. Oliver Hazard Perry, an outstanding folk hero—who reported of his victory over the British fleet on Lake Erie: "We have met the enemy and they are ours"—was not sufficiently written up, according to some investigators. But the point that irked Hirshfield most was, as he declared:

". . . These fellows do not even mention the great message which Perry sent to the American people, 'America expects every man to do his duty!'"

So much for the specific objections raised.

Now, probing the political motives and local prejudices which gave them birth, Professor Dodd went on:

"William Hale Thompson, as a candidate for mayor of Chicago, needed the foreign-element vote. So he rediscovered the tainted schoolbook issue and made his slogan: 'Down with King George. America First.' It took but a short time to make an end of his political rivals, the Dever régime, on such soulful issues as these.

"As soon as Thompson was safe in the mayor's chair he set about cleansing the schools of the books listed by Hirshfield five years before."

Now, Professor Dodd concludes: "There is no prospect in Chicago of freedom or personal independence. Teachers must not think. Their children must be automatons. And the great public submits—in a country which believes in freedom of speech. Every citizen who wants his children to develop into upright, mentally honest, progressive members of American society must exercise vigilance lest the tainted textbook issue end with tainted child minds."

Murder at 8:30 Sharp

Continued from page 22

vouchsafed us the grisly spectacle of a woman receiving the news that she was going to be taken outside a British prison at dawn and there hanged by the neck until she was dead.

An acquittal, however, is the portion of the heroine in The Trial of Mary Dugan, a hugely successful melodrama in which all three acts are merely sessions in a courtroom. It is played on a curtainless stage, the slow casual filtering in of scrubwomen, policemen, court attendants, reporters, stenographers, witnesses and the like filling up the space behind the footlights even while the piecemeal arrival of a clattering audience fills up the space in front.

In the courtroom plays of yesteryear the woman on trial was always turning out to be either the mother of the handsome lawyer defending her or, in the case of our younger actresses, the long-lost daughter of the judge himself. Though well accustomed, therefore, to these sudden unmaskings, even I was taken by surprise in The Trial of Mary Dugan when it turned out that the real murderer was the counsel for the defense. I hope I do not need to add that the beautiful defendant was not only cleared of the charge of murder, but in her behalf it was also tearfully explained that, while she had reluctantly accepted the Rolls-Royces, emeralds and other trinkets from the corpus delicti, it was in order that she might send her dear little brother through college.

When the wise men who are always conducting their intrusive researches in the subcellar of human motive have decided why we all flock so readily to murder plays, I hope they will then investigate our slight but perceptible inclination in favor of those plays in which the murderer goes scot free.

In most of the dramatic studies of homicide which have held the stage this season, from the top-hat elegance of Interference, at the Empire, to the greedy squalor of Peripherie, which Professor Reinhardt's visiting German troupe brought over from Vienna, the law (like the black-mustached villain in the old melodramas) has been foiled again—and again.

In none of these plays is much sympathy expended on the person murdered. It is, however, John Galsworthy's Escape—the English play wherein the delightful Leslie Howard has had so marked a success this season—which most flagrantly woos your sympathy for the murderer. In its first scene a charming and gallant young captain, rushing to the defense of a poor, harried street-walker, knocks down a bullying policeman and then finds, to his annoyance, that he has killed the fellow. The ten ensuing scenes stage his flight from an English jail, and as he bolts, darts and wriggles his way loose from each clutch of the law upon his collar, you fairly ache with your hope that he will get free at last—over the hill and far away.

Thus varied, then, have been the murder plays of the year. The list also includes Nightstick, The Racket, Women Go on Forever (in which, as the title would suggest, the mortality rate among the male characters is something terrific) and Cock Robin, a mystery play about a murder occurring during the rehearsal of an amateur dramatic society, thereby (as one sour old Broadwayite observed) providing plenty of motive right at the start.

In The Letter the actor playing the victim must seem to the lay observer to have fallen upon a sinecure. Admittedly his rôle calls for little more than a certain restraint. For a few moments further and thereafter, with the falling of the curtain on this brief prologue, his time is apparently his own.

"There," I said to myself, "is a part that I could play."

"There," said Harpo Marx, "is a part I would *like* to play."

He had visions, I suppose, of being free by 8:45—free to walk under the stars or to spend a quiet evening at home with the classics.

But a more prying onlooker might notice that later in the play the corpse strangely comes to life as one of the prison guards. For the brief period during which a Biblical tragedy was playing in the theatre next door he even used to hop into a few old Judean garments and run across the stage alley to play the executioner who nightly cut off the head of John the Baptist.

He Saved the Day

IF THE psychologists ever get around to studying my own addiction to such murder dramas, I suggest, as a clue for their researches, the possibility that I keep on going to them in the urchin hope that some day when the distracted heroine grasps the pearl-handled revolver, points it at the minor actor and fires, it won't go off. I have always regretted that I was not present at that great moment in the history of the theater when just such a mishap actually occurred. The revolver was grasped, the barrel pointed, the trigger pulled. There was only a silly little clicking sound. Nothing happened. Wildly the actress clicked and clicked the trigger. Nothing happened. Then did the minor actor prove himself the man for an emergency. Pressing his hand to his side, he went white, reeled slightly, murmured, "Ah, that old heart trouble!" and fell dead at her feet.

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The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 30

it you wanted to see Fred about?" she asked.

The question was a shock. I could not divorce myself from a mood or a situation as swiftly as Anita.

"Nothing much. I'll see him when he comes back." Had it not been for what had just passed between us, I think I could have told her without much scruple why I wanted to see Fred. But as it was I felt a reluctance even to discuss him.

Anita leaned back in her chair. She was as coolly self-possessed as I had ever seen her.

"Yet, when you learned that Fred wasn't at his office, you tried to see him at his house. It must have been fairly important if you weren't able to wait until you could find him at his place of business. Has he been up to some nastiness?"

I PRAY God that no woman ever asks such a question about me in such a tone.

"I'd rather talk it over with him," I evaded.

"A charming thing about Fred is that he has no false pride," she said, and I have never heard such bitterness. "He usually takes me into his confidence. He has never discovered that chicanery and deceit and betrayal of one's friends are slightly abhorrent to me. This must be a peculiarly atrocious thing if he has kept it from me."

Despising my cousin Fred as I did, I could not help feeling sorry for him. I could guess that his life with Anita had not been happy. To want a woman so badly that one forfeits self-respect in the attaining of her and then to face her contempt when she discovers what one has done, is to have found a dwelling place in hell, I should think.

"It's not as bad as that," I said.

"It's probably worse than I imagine," she countered. "You can't have any business relations. So they must be personal. But Fred hasn't seen you, except at the Candace dance, since you returned. I know he hasn't, for he hasn't mentioned it, and he can't keep quiet about you. He hasn't looked you up, and I know you wouldn't seek him out."

She hesitated a moment while she lighted a cigarette. Then her eyes gleamed.

"Allen, has be brought up that old matter again?"

I looked swiftly away from her. I had plenty to say to Fred, but I didn't wish to say anything to his wife. But she read my hesitation.

"Of course he has," she cried. "I should have guessed it instantly."

"Let's not talk about it," I said.

"Let's do talk about it!" she exclaimed. "What's he done?"

Even as she could make me take her in my arms despite my sworn vow that such a thing could never happen, so she now made me tell her why I wanted to see her husband. I told her the whole incredible story, winding up with the visit from Mannering this morning.

She was silent for fully five minutes after I had finished. Then she lifted her head, and her eyes met mine.

"So that's why," she said.

"Why what?" I asked.

"Why you didn't ask me to marry you at once. Why you wouldn't take what you might have." Her voice broke. I couldn't tell whether she was laughing or crying.

"So you love Vonny Candace, eh?" she asked.

As, a moment ago, I had felt the hot blood surging to my cheeks, so now I could actually feel it recede. I felt that sense of shock—multiplied tremendously—which one feels at first sight of oneself in a mirror after a long illness. One recognizes but cannot believe. Only, in this case, there was no recognition. I was not in love with Vonny Candace, but I was interested in her because she had aroused a protective instinct in me. At any rate, that is what I told myself.

"How long have you been in love with her?" demanded Anita.

"Don't be absurd," I said. "If I'd thought you'd misunderstand, I'd never have told you."

"I've not misunderstood," she retorted.

I brushed away the picture of Vonny Candace which obscured the lovely vision before me.

"Anita, I've loved only one woman in all my life, and you are that woman."

I had seen amusement, anger, contempt, and just now love in the eyes of Anita. But I had never read self-pity there. Now it seemed to me that this was what showed in those blue eyes. But I must have been mistaken, for it vanished almost as I saw it. In its place came a hard confidence.

"You're not telling the truth, Allen, but you think you are." Then her eyes were eager again. "And I'll make you continue that way."

Her lips parted slightly; every line of her body was an invitation, and I forgot that Vonny Candace had ever lived. But this time it was she who pushed me away.

"Imagine being sentimental in the morning," she laughed. "Now you must go." Her voice became hard and businesslike.

"Fred is telephoning me at luncheon. Don't think any more about that affidavit. I don't want you ever to think of anything but me."

"I don't see how I can," I told her. And I meant it.

That was all; Anita had a gift for concluding a situation. I was halfway back to my hotel before my mind became coherent. Then I began to understand how much better it would have been had Anita not so summarily dismissed me.

For matters could not stand as they were. Anita knew this just as well as I did. And she was not the sort to blink at a fact and because it became blurred of outline to declare that it did not exist. She wanted to think. But slowly I began to realize that Anita had not been swept off her feet as I had been. She had deliberately invited the situation. Not that I was conceited idiot enough to consider myself the unwilling victim of Anita's desire. My own desire matched hers. But I could have gone on the rest of my life without letting desire break its bonds.

I went to my room at the Regent and lay down upon the bed, mulling over the situation from every possible angle. The absurd attempt of Sporelli to involve me in frightening scandal; the row with Runyon last night; Morgan's hint that Calhoun was behind Runyon and that Runyon "had something" on Calhoun; all these things I considered. I did not forget Mr. Mannering and his client Bleakie. Nor did I ignore the four men who lined up with Runyon last night.

The telephone moved me from my recumbent position. It was Mack Morgan.

"Al, you stirred up plenty last night. How's today, nice and quiet?"

I laughed. Briefly I told him of Mannering's visit.

"Those boys are going to try everything," said Morgan. "I got a quiet tip this morning that I ought to look up some health resort."

"I wish," I told him earnestly, "you'd declare yourself out."

"Too late for that now, even if I wanted to, which I don't. But this Mannering guy makes it look bigger and better." He chuckled gayly. He had not been boasting last night when he said that he liked trouble.

"Have you thought of anything?" he asked.

"Calhoun," I replied. "I thought I'd see him."

"It would be easier to get next to King George. That bird's office is as easy to break into as a bank vault."

"How about his home?" I asked.

"Now, that's an idea. Only, what are you going to do when you get to him?"

"I haven't thought it out," I answered.

"Well, you spend the rest of the day thinking it over. I'll drop around this evening and talk it over. And, listen, Al, if you go out today watch your step. Understand?"

I UNDERSTOOD and told him so. With that he rang off, leaving me a bit disgruntled. Not that I could doubt his loyalty to me, but I thought that he took my situation a bit too casually. But, after all, what could he do for me? I was involved in trouble of so bizarre a nature that it was unbelievable.

My thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"You'll think me the boldest creature on earth," said the voice of Vonny Candace.

I felt an embarrassment even at speaking to her over the telephone. Vonny was an extremely modern young miss, but her fineness would revolt if

After dickering for an hour with a poilu for this German dress helmet Jimmie, the wise guy of the outfit, finds a label in the sweat band showing that it was made three weeks ago in a Paris novelty factory!

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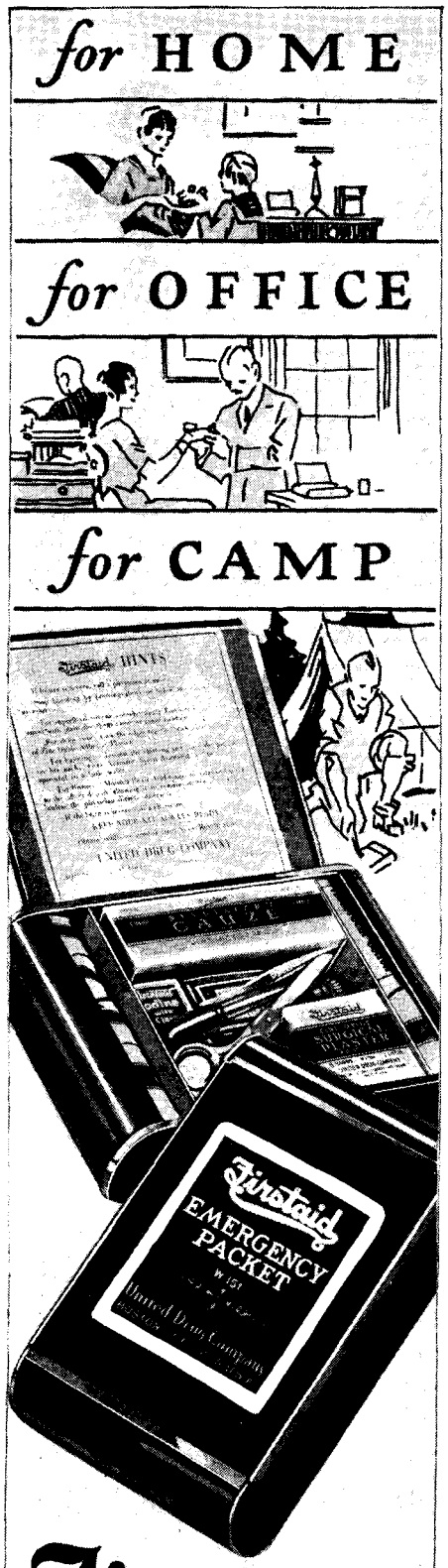

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she knew how I had spent my morning.

"Telephoning me isn't bold; it's kind," I said.

"Then one kind deed deserves another," she laughed. "Once again I'm hungry."

"And once again it becomes my pleasure to save you from starvation," I told her.

"I like Pierre's," she said. "And I think that 1:15 is a perfect hour."

"I shall not keep you waiting," I assured her.

I had no right to take her to luncheon. I had no right, involved as I was with a married woman, even to speak to Vonny. But it was necessary that I see her. It suddenly occurred to me that I was acting like a jackass. Vonny Candace liked me, believed in my honesty. If I told her what sort Runyon was, she would not doubt me, unless she happened to be in love with Runyon, and recollections of her embarrassment when his name had come up at luncheon the other day made me wonder if she really had been fascinated by him. But I could feel my way cautiously. If I decided that she loved him, then I would say nothing derogatory of him. On the other hand, if I concluded that she didn't care for him, I would tell her something of what had been going on recently.

BUT chance prevented me from an intimate conversation with Vonny. Erica Loosich was in the lobby of Pierre's as I entered the restaurant. She greeted me almost effusively and presented me to the three ladies who were with her.

"I hate manless parties," she said. "From twenty to forty, women must have men along. From forty to sixty (at least in my day; the modern women insist on men all the time) a woman can do without an escort. But from sixty on vanity must be appeased. Allen, you must take us all to luncheon."

"I'd love to," I told her, "but I'm waiting for someone now."

The someone entered at that moment. Only two hours ago I had held in my arms the most beautiful woman in the world; nevertheless I was stirred at sight of Yvonne. More than ever today she seemed so sweetly young.

She hesitated a yard from me, and Erica Loosich recognized at once that this was the girl for whom I waited.

"I don't approve of this modern habit of lovely young girls lunching alone with attractive young men," said Mrs. Loosich. "I was shocked when I saw you two together the other day. I feel you need chaperons. Won't you both join us?"

Much as I wanted to talk privately with Yvonne, I could not refuse Erica Loosich's invitation. I went over to Vonny, brought her back to Mrs. Loosich and presented her. Mrs. Loosich apparently fell in love with Vonny on the spot. Before the luncheon was half over she had told the girl that she intended to call upon her mother within the next day or so. Then she said that she was giving a dinner for some young people and invited Vonny to that.

In an aside she spoke to me:

"Was the party her parents gave the other night as terrible as I've heard?"

"It was pretty bad," I admitted.

Erica Loosich's granite face grew even harder with a new resolution. "I think it's a shame. She's a perfect darling. Well, we'll stop all that."

"All that" meant everything. Erica Loosich never doubted that she was the absolute social dictator of New York. And whether or not she was as powerful as she thought she was mattered little; she was powerful enough to assure a certain place for anyone whom she took under her wing.

I couldn't understand Mrs. Loosich. She had been quite wonderful, in her way, to me. Now she was behaving even more nicely to Vonny Candace. But there were certain things so satisfying that they require no understanding. This was one of them. Erica Loosich's motives didn't matter at all. The point was that she was giving the Candaces a leg up.

I still hoped that after luncheon I could have a word with Vonny, and was casting about in my mind how to broach the subject when we parted from the other ladies in the lobby. And then, while I was still undetermined what to say, another chance prevented me from saying anything.

For Kenneth Runyon, with all the assurance in the world, came up to us. Vonny greeted him cordially.

"Do you two know each other? Mr. Runyon, Mr. Gorham."

I looked at Runyon. Upon his cheek was the mark of a bruise. He colored slightly.

"We've met each other," I said.

"We'll meet again," said Runyon grimly.

"I'm looking forward to it," I told him.

I don't know whether or not Vonny sensed anything untoward, but she broke in upon our exchange.

"You see, I didn't lunch alone," she said.

Runyon's smile held, I felt, a jeer at me.

"It was quite impossible for me to make it," he said.

I don't know why I should have felt hurt because I had been obviously Vonny's second choice as escort at luncheon today. But I did feel hurt, and with the hurt came renewed anger at Runyon.

"We're going to a matinée," said Vonny. "You won't mind if we run along?"

"Not at all," I assured her.

We passed through the revolving door to the street. Vonny took my arm.

"I wanted to lunch with you," she said. "And when Kenneth couldn't take me I rang you up. I think it's your turn to ask me. A girl can't make all the advances."

She took flirtation out of her words by her merry smile. I rather wished she hadn't, by her smile, shown me that we were friends. I would have preferred that her regard for me held a slight touch of the romantic. This though I was in love with Anita!

I felt in no mood to kill time at the theatre or in a picture palace. So I decided to go back to my hotel. The clerk detained me when I asked for my key.

"Sorry, Mr. Gorham, but we'll have to ask you to give up your room."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"When you took it you were leaving shortly, you told us, and the room was engaged some time ago from today."

"Well, give me another room," I said in exasperation.

He beamed apologetically.

"Certainly, if you don't mind being on a lower floor."

I TOLD him that I didn't mind and ascended to my room. But, as I began herding my effects together an idea came to me. It looked as though I'd be in New York some little time. I hate hotels, and a prolonged stay in one was a most distasteful prospect. So I telephoned the clerk not to move me just yet. I added that I was going out to look for an apartment and hoped to find one in an hour or so.

He again was apologetic for the trouble caused me, and offered me the name and address of a renting agency. An hour later I had viewed an apartment on West Fifty-seventh Street, had managed by dint of great persuasion and an increased rental to secure a lease by the month, and two hours after that I was comfortably ensconced in my own living-room.

Of course I had no servants, but the renting people had offered to interview an employment agency in my behalf, and shortly after my trunks arrived they telephoned me that a cook-butler was on his way to see me.

I had left my address and telephone number at the hotel, and before my prospective servant had arrived Mack Morgan telephoned me.

"Settling down, eh?" he said.

"I might as well," I replied.

"Still want to see Calhoun?"

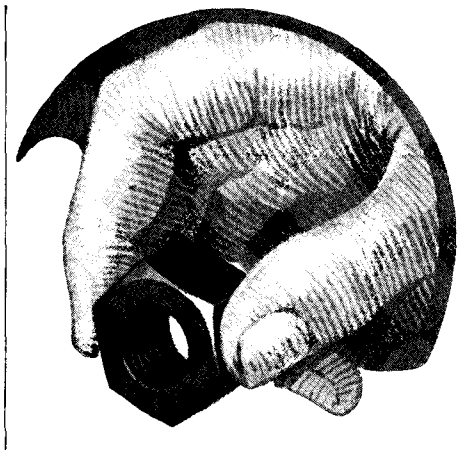
"I certainly do," I told him.

"Game for a little false impersonation?"

"I love things like that," I laughed.

"Then I'll be right over," he said.

(*To be continued next week*)



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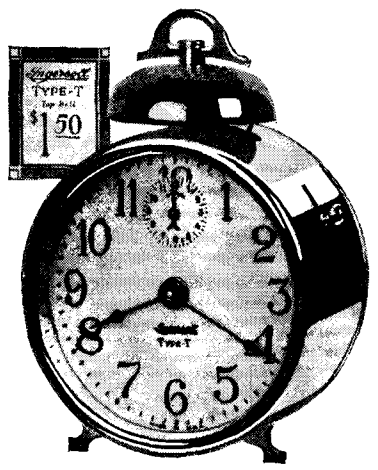

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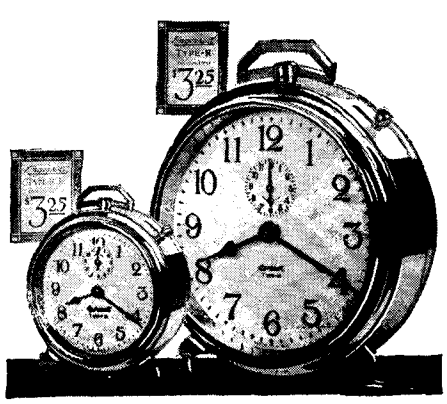

Amateur

Continued from page 6

old and famous university; suppose we call it Colonial. Old Jarvis glowered at him. "But you're captain of the team!" he cried.

"I'll never make the All-America out here," Chet explained. "Camp never gives more than one place to the colleges west of Carlisle, Pa., and I'm afraid Heston's going to get it. But at *Colonial*—"

"At Colonial you'd make it," Cushing conceded. "But what is our team going to do without you? Haven't you got any loyalty?"

"I think I've done a good deal for old Katonka," said Chet with some hauteur.

Jarvis Cushing snorted.

"YOU can't play for Colonial till a year from next fall," he reminded him. "Transfer students have to wait. How are you going to support yourself there for two years? Borrow money?"

"I can earn my way. Some of their alumni talked to me about it last winter. I'm to room with a man who has the advertising concession for the football programs—worth five or six thousand a year. It's too big a job for one man to handle, so I help him out, and we split fifty-fifty." Cushing laughed morosely.

"These Easterners aren't pikers," he admitted. "When they want something they buy it at any price. . . . Well, damn you, if you're up at auction—"

"Auction!" Chet sprang toward him, his fists clenched; then—"I can't strike an old man," he said coldly, and walked out.

It was Dan Hawley, of course, who brought them together again.

"Mr. Cushing wants to apologize," he told Chet next day. (There was nothing Jarvis Cushing wanted less, but Dan had made him see that he had to apologize.) "He understands the situation and he wants you to stay here. He practically owns the Central Securities Company up in the city, and he'll give you a job as bond salesman this summer. They'll give you all the set-ups—sure sales, sure commissions. Any man that's going to buy at all will jump at the chance to buy from the best-known football player west of Ann Arbor. You can't lose."

"I'd lose my chance for the All-America. I'd make it at Colonial."

"No, you wouldn't," said Dan smoothly. "Colonial has some rivals who'd be glad to know how she gets her good players. If you go there, I'll tell them, and you'll never dare to put on a suit."

Chet glared at him, but he had learned that when Dan had thought a thing out you couldn't beat him.

"Those Colonial fellows will be pretty sore," he offered in a last despairing endeavor. "If they find out that I'm getting a lot of money for staying at Katonka—"

"You're not, boy; you're not. You're earning an honest living as a bond salesman; it looks all right, so it is all right. . . . And you'll make more than money by staying here. Right now you're the hero of this state. I've played around enough in politics to know that you can cash in on that when the time comes. We'll send you to Congress yet—the Sportsmen's Candidate!"

So Chet moved from Roundstown to the flourishing city of Centropolis, the state capital, and that summer he made four thousand dollars' commission in his sales of bonds. Also that summer he played in the state tennis tournament.

EVERY country town, in those days before the movie, the automobile and the radio, had some sport by which the inhabitants beguiled their leisure time. Usually it was baseball or horseshoe pitching, but in Chet's home town, for some reason, it was tennis. He was the champion of Roundstown; at college he could beat anybody else in love sets. But no Western colleges had tennis teams in those days, so his tennis was practically wasted—he got nothing out of it but pleasure. Till that state tournament. . . . The Centropolis Club managed to attract that year an Easterner who ranked among the First Ten—the most important player who had ever appeared on their courts. He loafed his way through to the final round, and there Chet Balestier beat him.

Thanks to that, Chet was invited to play in three other Middle Western tournaments. Having done so well in the bond business he decided he could afford it, and was amazed to discover that playing the tennis-tournament circuit cost virtually nothing except tips, and actually saved a good deal of one's living expenses. He lived for tennis, and on tennis, for the next three summers.

In the winter he still sold bonds, but his sales fell off after he left college and was no longer in the football headlines; presently he was recalled to a desk job with the Securities Company, decorative but far from profitable. He spoke to Dan Hawley about that, and Dan spoke to Jarvis Cushing.

"Well, what about it?" Cushing grunted. "He's no salesman. Doesn't he ever expect to work for his living?"

"He earns his keep," Dan observed. "He's the best advertisement this state ever had."

"There's that real-estate development of Findlay's on the North Side. The new tennis club will boost values out that way. I think Findlay might carry Chet for a block of lots if you put it up to him."

"All right, all right. At last," said old Jarvis, "I see the difference between a professonal and an amateur. You can hire the professional cheap." Then, more cheerfully, "How's that boy of yours, Danny?" Dan Hawley grinned widely.

"Finest boy in the world, Mr. Cushing. We hope for another in May."

"Wish you luck," old Jarvis grunted, and wished, silently, that Dan Hawley's sons were his grandsons.

NESTA, then, had just finished her freshman year at Katonka, and that summer Jarvis Cushing died suddenly. Even in what he called retirement he had taken such good care of his money that he could leave a million to old Katonka and a quarter of a million to Dan Hawley and still have two millions left for Nesta.

Chet Balestier hadn't seen her for two or three years before her father's funeral, but at the church he could hardly keep his eyes off her. The child had grown up—a golden blonde, terrifically effective in black, whose slim figure suggested a throttled nervous eagerness. Chet decided he would run down to Campusville and see some football games that fall.

On the night after Katonka beat the state university there was a dinner dance at the Theta House. Nesta hadn't danced since her father's death, but she made an exception for Chet Balestier. He had six dances with her in a row; then they strolled out into the crisp smoky autumn night.

"It's a great team," she sighed, "but there's nobody on it like you, Chet. I remember the first game you played in, seven years ago. You tumbled Sir Lancelot right off his pedestal that day and I never put him back."

He looked down into her eyes—they were passing under a street lamp—and his heart jumped as he saw that she wasn't joking. Childish hero worship—she was nineteen now and it couldn't last much longer—

They passed into the shadow, and Chet kissed her, for no other reason than that he wanted to kiss her and she wanted him to. He remembered that later with some pride, for afterthought reminded him that he couldn't live forever on the profit of those North Side lots and that Nesta had two million dollars. . . .

The next week-end he went down to Campusville, not to see a football game

your dog

"I thought my dog had gone mad"

"The first time my dog had a fit, I thought he was mad. I might have shot him if a neighbor hadn't told me it was probably caused by worms. Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules stopped *them* in a hurry."

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Would you know whether your dog had fits or rabies? Would you know what to do in either case? Do you know how to prevent these ailments? It costs nothing for you to find out these worthwhile facts. There are effective remedies for fits and all other dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

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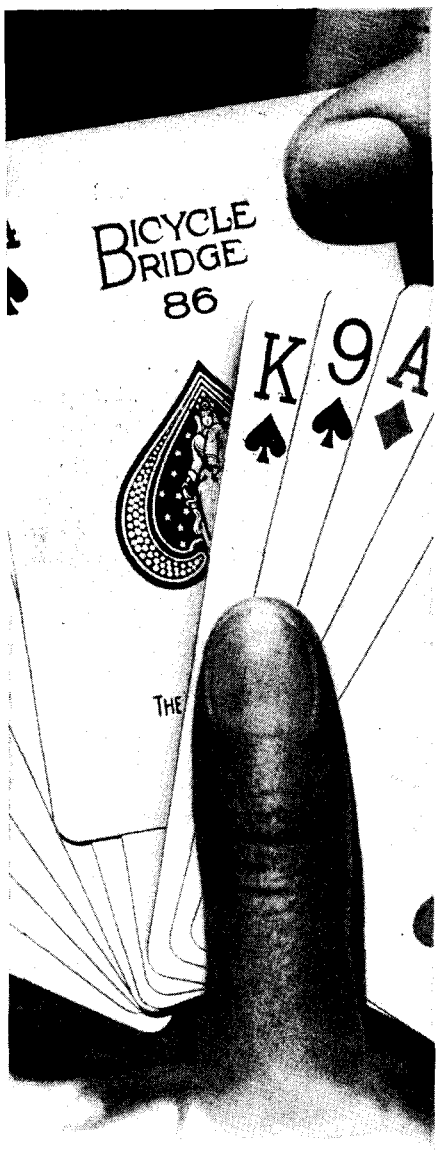

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but to see Nesta; in February she left college, and they were married. . . . While they were on the honeymoon the ruling powers of the Central Securities Company held conference.

"You can't keep the husband of the heaviest stockholder in a job that pays fifty dollars a week," the president sighed. "Yet it's all he's worth."

"No," the chairman of the board objected, "his athletic following still counts for something. If we could make him an extra vice president with no duties in particular—"

"I think you'd better," said Dan Hawley smoothly. (He was general counsel for the company now.) "He'll be too busy to work at his job, anyway, after I've put him into politics. Make him a vice president—and if you can't figure out how to make the Cushing interest pay his salary, come around to me and I'll show you."

So Chet came back from his bridal journey to find himself a prominent financier. He enjoyed the glamour of that position so much that he was reluctant when Dan Hawley began to talk politics.

"Nobody'd ever vote for a minion of the money power," Chet told him. But Dan shook his head.

"Wrong, boy—this muckraking game has been overdone and people are about ready for a change. Besides, you're not a minion of the money power; you're a self-made young man who turns his back on the pursuit of wealth to devote himself to public service. I'm going to run you for Congress this fall. Old Laidlaw's held the seat for twenty years, and everybody's tired of him. They'll jump at a chance to vote for a young man—especially a young man who almost made the All-America, and went to Newport and beat players from New York and Philadelphia, to the greater glory of Centropolis."

And in November Centropolis gave a huge majority to Chester Balestier, the Sportsmen's Candidate.

A new man can't expect to make much of a dent in the House of Representatives, and Chet's first term was made no easier by his wife. She seemed to think, he used to muse resentfully, that he could reform the world overnight. Even when Dan Hawley explained to her how necessary it was to play along with the organization, she acted as if what was true for ordinary men didn't apply to Chet. There were disadvantages, he was discovering, in being a pedestaled idol.

BUT after the first year or two Nesta stopped expecting so much, or at least stopped talking about it. And if Congressman Balestier was a figure of no great consequence in the House, he bulked considerably larger when he went to New York to speak at dinners of the leaders of amateur sport.

"You're doing fine," said Dan Hawley. "Every time they give you a cheer in New York the echo amplifies it back home. One term as governor, and then the Senate."

"Governor?" Chet gasped. "I couldn't get the nomination."

So far as the record goes, it was the last time he ever doubted his ability to get anything.

"Leave that to me," said Dan Hawley.

"I don't know what I'd ever do without you," said Chet humbly. And that too, so far as recorded, he never said again.

"Well, old-timer," observed Dan lightly, "I couldn't have done much without you. I've got some ideas about things to be done, but so many people hate me that I couldn't get myself elected dog catcher. And since you and I happen to think so much alike—"

He said it solemnly; and Chet Balestier was never one to notice a grin that didn't appear on the surface.

If some few people suspected that Governor Balestier was the front and Dan Hawley the works, they never said so. His two-year term was uneventful, except for the trolley strike in Centropolis that for three days had the city in an uproar. "Order must be restored!" said the governor in ringing tones; and slipped away to talk to Dan Hawley.

The next day the strike leaders and the heads of the trolley company were called to the governor's office. Chet Balestier, ex-All-Western halfback, who could have handled any two of them in a rough-and-tumble, locked the door and told them they would stay there till the strike was settled. Within two hours the strikers had got their wage increase; within two months the trolley company lifted the fare from five cents to eight, with the consent of Governor Balestier's Public Service Commission. That covered the wage increase and perhaps a little more; but by that time Centropolis was rolling with money brought in by war orders, and people who would have felt the increase in trolley fares a year ago rode in their own automobiles now. That fall the solid labor vote and the solid if silent banking influence combined to send Governor Balestier to the Senate.

BACK in Washington with the dignified position and longer tenure of a senator, Chet breathed a great sigh of relief. He and Nesta both liked the town, and his service in the lower House had enabled them to make friends—the right sort of friends. Nesta's fortune had trebled in war industries; she bought a big house on Massachusetts Avenue, and within a year people who had ignored her husband were beginning to pay attention to him in the hope of being invited to her dinners.

A new senator can break into the papers easily enough, but breaking into the inner circle is another matter. Chet, whose resonant voice had broadcast Dan Hawley's ideas to a thousand political meetings, had the wisdom to realize that deeds, not words, were what counted now. He seldom spoke in his first term, but he voted and voted right. That is, he voted with the party on partisan issues; nonpartisan issues had a happy way of coming to a vote when he was out of town making an after-dinner speech. He was sick in bed (by Dan Hawley's advice) when the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, but he voted for the Volstead Act (also by Dan's advice) after a ringing speech that proclaimed his devotion to moral principles. Nesta, happily, was able to stock her cellar with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of legally purchased wines before the act went into effect.

They had settled down, Chet used to reflect comfortably, to the placidity of a happy marriage; she never bothered him any more about visionary reforms. She didn't go with him on his after-dinner speaking trips as she had done in the first years, but she never objected to his frequent absences. The one flaw in their happiness was that they had no children.

Dan Hawley and his Miriam by this time had four; Dan adored them, and so did Miriam, but the third side of the triangle was missing; Dan and Miriam no longer adored each other. Thanks to the children, they never formally separated, but Dan spent more and more time in Washington, where he had a good deal of law business by now. The failure of his marriage had soured him, but with Chet and Nesta he usually recovered his old quizzical good humor. There were other people, too, in Washington who seemed able to cheer him up—women he didn't introduce to Nesta when she happened to see him in their company.

"He ought to have more sense!" Chet growled when his wife told him of one of these chance encounters. "It's outrageous!"

"Is it?" asked Nesta moodily. "Pathetic, if you like; he can't get much real sympathy from women like that. But Miriam's led him a rotten life, and he needs companionship and understanding. . . . Like the rest of us."

"Maybe he does. But first thing you know one of these gold diggers will shake him down—"

Nesta laughed.

"Oh, so that's what's worrying you? Cheer up—I don't think any gold digger will ever get the best of Dan Hawley."

None the less, Senator Balestier, that loyal if rather absent husband, felt his moral sense affronted by Dan's irregularities. But he grew more tolerant after he met Madame Madura.

He met her first at one of Nesta's din-

(*Continued on page 54*)

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Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

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HINDS CREAM

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Send *me, free, samples of Formamint in metal* pocket case.

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The old story — neat nails at nine — untidy by eleven! But Jim no longer hides his hands — he frequently trims, files and cleans his nails with Gem, the pocket manicure. With file and cleaner, Gem 50c, Gem, Jr., 35c (the watch charm model).

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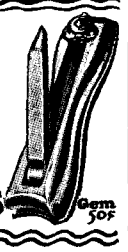

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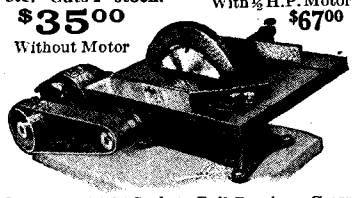

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Amateur

Continued from page 53

ners. Esteban Madura had come to Washington to smooth the way for a loan, which his Latin-American fatherland had failed to get, so far, because two oil companies were deadlocked over the concessions that went with it. Two days after the dinner Inez Madura invited Senator Balestier of the Foreign Relations Committee to tea, alone. And after that—

They were prudent—they had to be—yet even so they might not have escaped detection if Nesta, while their affair was at its height, hadn't been making a long visit back home in Centropolis; or if Esteban Madura hadn't been preoccupied by affairs of state. The oil company that seemed likely to lose the concession had started a revolution and turned Madura's party out; he and his wife were marooned in Washington. Virtually penniless, Inez confessed at last with shuddering sobs. Naturally Chet insisted on her taking a loan to tide her over; and then another.

Six months later, while Nesta was visiting in Chicago, Chet made a hasty trip back to Centropolis to see Dan Hawley.

"Dan, I've got to have money. A hundred thousand. Quick."

"Well," said Dan rather coldly, "you've got that much, haven't you?"

"No. I never had that much. Nesta always pays the household expenses. And I had some bad luck in the market last year that pretty nearly cleaned me out."

"Senators shouldn't have bad luck," said Dan. "It shows lack of foresight. . . . Well, if you haven't got it, Nesta might lend you—"

"Nesta!" Chet groaned. "Oh, my God! . . . Dan, it's for Inez Madura. She and her husband have been bleeding me—both of them together. If you knew how near I've come to killing that woman—"

"Senators can't afford to be tried for murder," Dan observed.

"Nor sued for alienation. He'll ruin me if I don't come through. If I do, they'll get out—go to Paris. You've got to get me the money."

Dan Hawley's eyes were chill as Chet had never seen them.

"I haven't got it," he said. "And this time I can't raise it."

"Why not?" Chet demanded, shuddering.

"For—well, call them personal reasons. This time, boy, you've got to find your own exit."

Spurred by extremest need, Chet found it in his old friend Harry Summers, the oil man, whose group was just now promoting a counter-revolution in Madura's fatherland. Summers carried him in a venture on the stock market without even asking for a note; in due time Summers gave him the profit, in bills, and Chet breathed again when the Maduras sailed for Paris. Chet's vote made a majority of one in the Foreign Relations Committee for the treaty that gave Summers' group the oil concessions.

Nesta had come home, and Chet, who had been nervous, constrained, ashamed in his relations with her for months, felt that their old harmony was coming back. But one night, when she returned from a dinner which business had kept him from attending, she came to his study, cold and purposeful.

"What's this deal you were in with Harry Summers?" she demanded.

Chet's face turned gray. "How did you know?"

"He told me this evening. He'd had too much champagne, and he said he supposed of course I knew. . . . More likely he wanted to be sure I'd know, with that treaty coming to a vote tomorrow. He swore he'd told nobody else, and he never will; I know that. But—oh, Chet, why didn't you ask me for the money?"

Senator Balestier swallowed and tried to speak.

"I don't care what it was for," she went on desperately. "I wouldn't have asked you—" By now he had collected himself.

"It was just an ordinary speculation, my dear. I shouldn't have wanted to make it with your money—"

"So you made it with his. And this treaty—"

He shrugged. "I was going to vote for the treaty anyway. There's nothing wrong about this, Nesta."

"Suppose it got into the papers?" she suggested.

"It won't. The old muckraking days are over; the papers know the difference between public business and private business. Anyway, there's nothing wrong about this. A man can't give his life to public service and still have time to make money; so if his friends want to help him—why, it's no more than your father used to do when I was in college. Now don't you worry—nobody's going to know about this, and even if they did there's nothing to take hold of. As Dan used to say, it looks all right, so it is all right."

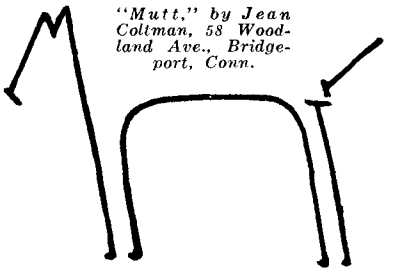
"I see," said Nesta. Then, after a long silence: "By the way, I've decided to take that round-the-world cruise that all those Centropolis people are going on—the Bogarduses and Mrs. Weeks and Dan Hawley."

NESTA was the only woman Chet had ever really loved; he knew that by the way he missed her. Never again in his life, he vowed, would he get himself mixed up with another woman. This restoration of his moral balance was immensely soothing; more soothing yet was the fact that he would go into the National Convention as the favorite son of his state. This time he could hope for no more than a complimentary vote on the first ballot or two; but four years from now, with a little luck, he might get the nomination— And all this while Dan Hawley was cruising around the world! They'd all realize now that he could do without Dan Hawley.

He went to New York to meet Nesta, of course, at the end of the cruise; it happened that he had to speak there that night at a dinner of university presidents—another stone built into the pyramid of his nation-wide reputation; yet when he met Nesta on the pier he had wild dreams of telephoning the chairman of the dinner committee that he was ill and couldn't come. It seemed so wasteful to spend even a few hours away from Nesta.

She always seemed younger than her years; but now, with a new sparkle in her eyes, the flush of health and zest and vigor under her tropic tan, she looked ten years younger than when she went away. Senator Balestier was as nervous, as awestricken, as humbly eager as a lovesick schoolboy; he had no time for more than a nod and a

Nameographs



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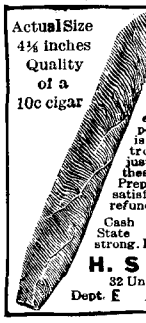

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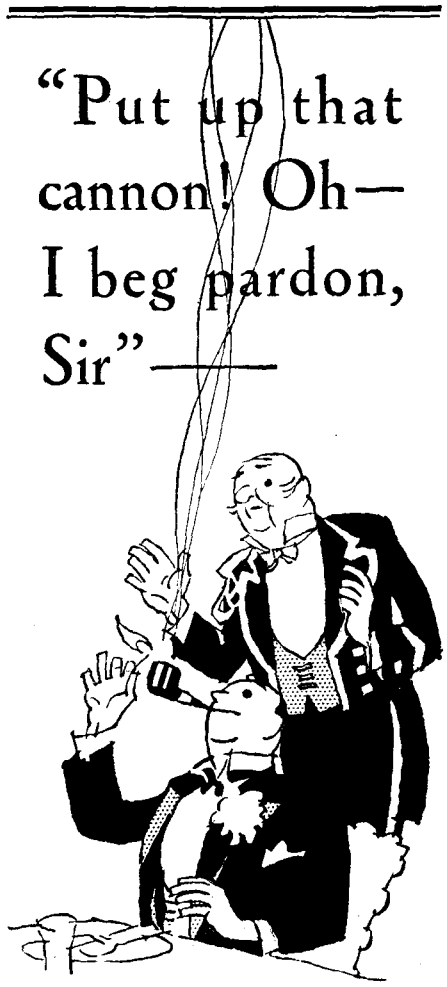
"Put up that cannon! Oh—I beg pardon, Sir"—



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"see-you-later" for Dan Hawley. . . .

In their hotel suite, relieved at last from the assiduities of servants, he turned hungrily to his wife.

"No," she said with level indifference. "I don't want you to make love to me."

"Tired?" As he gasped the monosyllable, he felt a premonitory shudder.

"Not in the least. I'm in love with another man."

The next three minutes were a nightmare, his hysterical horror flinging questions at her listless unconcern. She and this other man had been lovers since the round-the-world liner was three days out; and the man was Dan Hawley.

"I know it doesn't seem reasonable," she admitted. "I've known him since I was ten years old, and I didn't fall in love with him till I was nearly forty. But I certainly don't intend to give him up now."

"You mean you want me to divorce you?" he cried.

"That wouldn't help matters; Dan's crazy about his children, and if Miriam had to divorce him she wouldn't let him see much of them."

"Oh!" He shuddered in horrified relief. "So you'll give each other up?"

"Not at all." She looked at him with the steady impenetrable eyes of old Jarvis Cushing. "We're going to go on as we are. . . . But don't worry—we'll be circumspect."

THEN he broke down; and it measures the change that Nesta's six months' absence, and the sour memory of Inez Madura, had worked in Chet Balestier, that at first he said nothing but that he loved her, he needed her, he simply couldn't live without her—

"I suppose I ought to be sorry," she interrupted wearily. "You're making rather a show of yourself, but I don't blame you; I know just how you feel. You see, I felt the same thing for years. About you."

"About me!" he gasped.

She blazed in sudden bitterness.

"I was wild about you when we were married—yes, and for years afterward. I was only nineteen, and I'd been crazy about you since I was twelve—you could have made anything out of me. But you didn't care enough to try."

"I never looked at another woman—"

"Probably not—then." She had regained control of herself. "You were too busy looking in the mirror. As for me—well, you took me when you wanted me and laughed at my silly notions about what my hero could do, and left me to grow up by myself. . . . And I did. It takes time to kill the sort of adoration I felt for you, but you succeeded, my dear. You succeeded."

"But," he said presently, "but this! You tell me that you mean to go right on with this affair? What do you think I'll be doing?"

"Not a thing. No more than I did when you were having your affair with Madame Madura."

"Did Dan tell you about that?"

"No," she said scornfully. "He didn't need to. Everybody in Washington knew about it. You won't have to stand what I stood, at least; Dan and I will be discreet."

"Discreet? Do you think I'll let my wife go on having an affair under my roof?"

"My roof," she corrected. "I choose to let you go on living under it, as you've done for twenty years, so long as you don't annoy me. . . . Besides, darling, this is a moral country; a prominent statesman can't afford to be even the plaintiff in a scandalous divorce suit. And of course if you made trouble I'd file a counter suit on the Madura affair, and that would end you."

"End me?" Chet Balestier was becoming himself again. "But good God! This will end me, anyway. . . . And I might have been President!"

"I told you Dan and I would be careful," she reminded him. "And I promise you this—if a serious movement to make you President ever gets started I'll give Dan up. Permanently."

"You would?" he cried. "Nesta, you'd do that for me?"

"For you? Certainly not. I want to go to the White House just as much as you do."

For the first time he really hated her. . . . Also, for the first time in all his life, he felt he could talk to her in complete understanding.

"Well, how the devil do you think either of us is going to get to the White House if you carry on an affair? Somebody's sure to find out—at least to suspect it—"

"But nobody's going to tell, darling; at least nobody's going to print it, which is what counts—unless you make it a matter of record. As you told me once upon a time, the newspapers know the difference, now, between public business and private business."

"But if they all know it—" She laughed.

"What's the difference? As you're fond of saying, it looks all right, so it is all right."

"It was Dan who said that first," he told her harshly.

"I don't doubt it. Dan said all your famous sayings first. . . . Oh, I know he's crooked. But he never fools himself, and he never tries to fool me. If you'd been like that—but that's all over. . . . Well? Are you going to be sensible?"

"No!" he roared. "I know enough to send Dan Hawley to jail!"

"Probably," she assented. "Probably he knows a few things about you, though he's never said so. I know a few things too—that Summers affair, for instance. If you don't take your medicine, my boy, you're through as a politician."

"I don't care! I—"

"You don't care?" she broke in. "You'd better care! What would you do if you dropped out of politics? You've lived on my money for twenty years; cut off your salary and you couldn't earn your own living; take away your job and your friends wouldn't carry you in stock-market deals. Being an amateur is the only profession you know, darling, and you'd better stick to it. After all, it's made your fortune."

"Fortune! . . . Nesta, for God's sake—Oh, we've both made a mess of things; but if you'll drop Dan we can start again—"

"Not now. . . . I used to wish we could start again, when we'd been married a few years and I began to see where we were headed. I tried to tell you; but you were too busy to listen, or else you laughed at me and called me a crazy child. . . . I may be crazy now, but I'm not a child; I'm forty, and it's too late to start again. We're what we are, and we might as well get what we can." She softened a little. "Come—it's time to get ready for that dinner. And brace up! You must be at your best before a crowd like this one."

As he went out she was taking up the telephone; he stood for a moment outside the door till he heard her voice—"Biltmore? I want to speak to Mr. Daniel Hawley."

HE SAT at the speakers' table—stately, statesmanlike and serene; but inwardly— She and Dan might be as discreet as they liked, but people would know; presently their friends would know; ultimately—for Washington was a small town where gossip traveled—every newspaper man would know. They would know that the man who had made Chet Balestier had taken his wife, was making a fool of him under his own roof; they would snicker—

Chet hardly heard the glittering phrases of the toastmaster who was introducing him; all he could hear was that huge, politely muffled snicker that would presently run all over Washington. . . . But, after all, snickers didn't kill; the day was past when a statesman could be laughed out of public life. Everybody might snicker, but nothing would get into the papers; no politician could afford to cherish personal grudges; he'd need Dan Hawley when it came to getting pledged delegations to the National Convention and he knew he could count on Dan Hawley. . . . And yet—And yet— Nesta—

Every one of the assembled university presidents was deeply stirred by the ring of sincerity in Senator Balestier's voice as he began: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen— All that I am tonight I owe to my Alma Mater."

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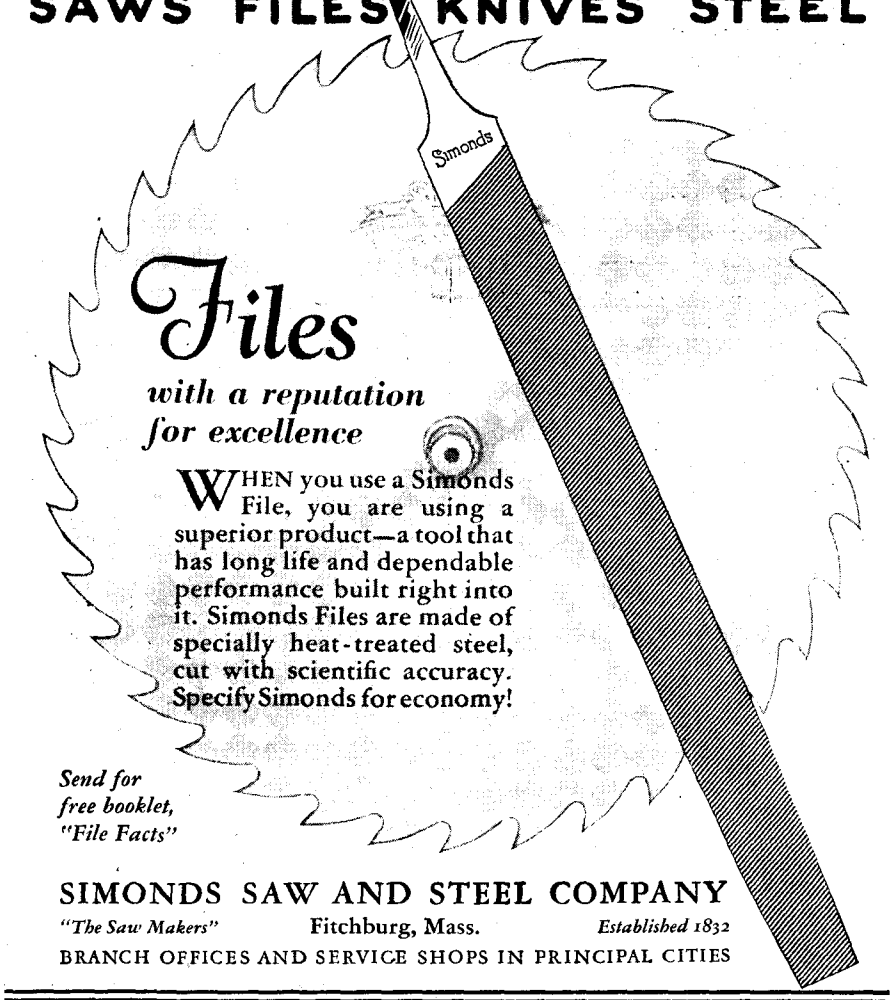

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Snake's Hips

Continued from page 11

"Athletes," says Dan Josselyn, another trainer who has gone in successfully for reshaping determined women, "have always known that the male human body can be remolded. So why not the female form too?

"You must cut down on coffee, strong tea, booze and cigarettes. You can't eat candy or dessert. You must learn how to plan your diet.

This Was Easy

"ONE of my clients is a girl who had a very mediocre figure. She had a long neck and sloping shoulders. She had no middle at all (few women have): just an amorphous, indeterminate waist extending from chest to hips. Her upper legs were too heavy, and from the knees down her legs were spindling. She was flat-chested, weak-armed, large-busted.

"By progressively harder exercise her waist tightened and became muscular and small. This made her shoulders look less narrow. But I also gave her hard work for her shoulders. So they became bigger and squarer. Good shoulders make the neck look less long and the hips less wide.

"You see the reason. The usual ungainly look of women, due to the fact that the ballast is in the wrong place—through the middle—is this: their shoulders and upper body are so insignificant. Wide hips mean just fat: actually the width between the hip bones in all women is almost exactly the same.

"As for my client's very ordinary legs, when the spindling calves developed and the thick upper leg tightened up and took shape, the proportions were excellent. Also she toed out. This made her knock-kneed. I taught her to toe in. This changed the action of her legs entirely, and they became straight.

"I begin with calisthenics. I gradually make my client work harder, with dumb-bells and a stretcher. Then we begin acrobatics, the hand stands, back bends and the rest.

"The girl with the mediocre figure had another typically feminine look—that traditional ugliness of the female, a long body and short legs. I corrected this. It was easy. Here is the idea: women look long-bodied only because they are thick around the hips. This makes the body look much longer than it really is, because of the deep cushion of fat. But when the hips become as small and compact as a child's the legs appear to be three or four inches longer, because there is no overhand, as you might say. And straight long legs with fine pistonlike action: that is the sign of class and aristocratic grace and ease. You can't look like anything with short piggy legs.

"One persistent idea is that vigorous exercise, per se, is bad for the heart. But the man who was foremost in opposing this idea was none other than Sir James Mackenzie, preëminent authority on the heart. That organ, he insisted, gains in strength, like any other muscle, under progressive stimulation."

There are those who cry out that they HATE women with muscles. But women do not get stringy and knotted like boxers in training.

"Because," says Dan, "they are provided with more fat than a man, and even when reduced to a minimum there is still smoothness. Even women acrobats don't have the look of external hardness of a male athlete, although I am glad to say they become harder than a male office worker whose physique is—But put a bag over it!"

Collier's

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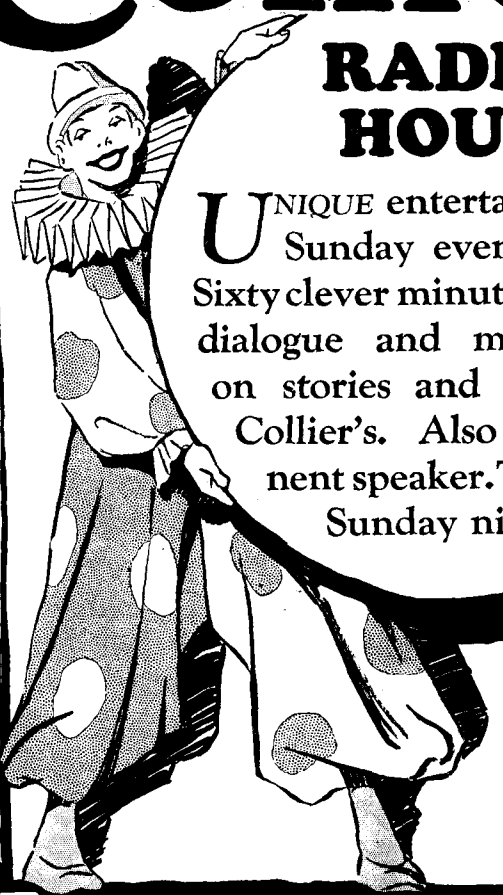

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Sea Gold

Continued from page 17

knees. "Beats me, Al," he remarked, "how they can make puffume out of anything that stinks so funny."

"Have you ever smelt of perfume?" snorted a crusty bachelor in a corner.

"Waal, I'd never knowned a sperm whale had it in him," marveled Skipper Clarke, shoving his cap back on his head. "How much you reckon a lump like that'll bring, Mister Parsons?"

"Well, now, that's rather hard to say; *rather* hard to say." The local attorney, drafted by the bewildered Aldo to guard his interests, considered the matter patiently in a dusty voice: "That is problematical, Mr. Clarke. Sometimes it's more, sometimes it's less. It varies. I read somewhere how a feller sold some once for over $400 a pound, but that was two years ago. It may have gone up since then. It may not."

He removed his spectacles and folded the two panes together with a precise click.

"Of course, boys," he said, "I shall do the best I can. The very best I can. It depends upon the gentleman from Perth Amboy. . . ."

"Waal, Aldo, you better drop us a line in Savannah how you make out," said Jo awkwardly.

"You leavin' putty soon?" asked Aldo.

"Reckon we're plannin' to pull out this forenoon." Jo glanced at the skipper standing in the door. Mr. Clarke nodded. "We're figgerin' to take advantage of this ca'm weather."

"Well, Aldo," one of the crew broke the silence, "you shore got your chickens."

"Yeh," said Aldo, his chin in his hands.

"Well," Jo lingered irresolutely, twisting his cap in his hands. "Putty soft for you, all right."

"Yeh, Aldo," said Mr. Clarke. "It's a mighty nice thing, all right."

"Just to retire onto a farm," envied Jo, "an' raise a lot of chickens."

"Yeh," said Aldo.

They turned slowly and shuffled down the stairs, their boots clumping into silence. Aldo listened dully, his eyes winking in the yellow sunlight that slanted through the window full upon his face. He rose abruptly and yanked down the shade. "Damn sun!" he muttered. "Gets in your eyes."

Mr. Parsons swirled the contents of a whisky sour and settled himself comfortably at the table. "It's funny you should mention chickens, Mr. Pratt," he smiled. "Now, that's always happened to have been a pet hobby of mine. A very particular hobby, aha. I suppose you'll be setting up a little farm somewhere around here?"

"I thought of Connecticut," said Aldo.

"Ah, yes. It's very nice there too. Yes, yes, indeedy, I'd give up my job in a minute to be in your shoes. Yes, sir-ree, bobtail, there's nothing more fascinating than raising chickens, really. Keeps you busy every moment of the day. But if a fellow's interested—"

ALDO opened his eyes and regarded the lawyer. "Busy?"

"Now, I'd suggest first off that you write to the Agricultural Department and get their pamphlets. You'll want to study up on the subject quite a bit. It's really a science." Mr. Parsons tapped his folded spectacles upon a knuckle with a scholarly frown. "Of course you must expect to have a little trouble the first year. . . .

"And you'll want to watch the eggs. Sunflower seed and barley will bring rather good results, I fancy. It all depends on your line. Ah, yes. Now, here's a thing you want to consider, Mr. Pratt." He paused and shook his spectacles at Aldo impressively. "Be sure to get removable roosts."

"Removable roosts?" echoed Aldo.

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"You should have them all on a level," continued Mr. Parsons, "because if you graduate them on an incline, the weaker chickens will take the top roosts and then the stronger ones will only knock them off. I'd advise one long chicken house with compartments. In that way you can clean them out more easily. . . ."

"Clean them out?"

"Proper sanitary conditions are essential to good poultry breeding," pronounced Mr. Parsons severely. "The real fancier takes genuine pleasure and pride in the appearance of his roosts. Strictly speaking, you should clean them twice a day. It all depends. . . ."

"YOU mean to say I got to be pickin' up after *chickens?*" Aldo rose and snapped up the shade, tamping tobacco indignantly into his pipe with a hard thumb as he scowled at the sunlight. The Martha Tolle bustled with activity at the pier; beyond her the sea shimmered in the flat heat of noon.

"And about your wire," continued Mr. Parsons, tracing accurate little lines on the oilcloth with his pencil. "I'd advise the galvanized wire, Mr. Pratt; you'll find it less expensive in the long run. If you care to write to the Department of Agriculture—"

"Mr. Parsons." Aldo rasped a match across his thigh and studied the flame a moment. "How much you got in the bank?"

"What?" said Parsons, clutching his spectacles helplessly. "How much have I—"

"Mr. Parsons," puffed Aldo, sucking the flame deliberately into the bowl of his pipe, "will you gimme . . . five hundred dollars . . . for this lump of grease . . . as she stands?" He whipped out the match. "Right now?"

"Five hundred . . . of course, Mr. Pratt, but it's worth . . . I mean . . . I don't understand why you . . . *five hundred dollars. . . .*"

Aldo stared across the restless sea to the horizon where little point waves ran and leaped, stabbing the white distance. In the path of the noon sun the yellow coins slipped and shifted. Two gulls hung hauntingly in the sunlight above the Martha Tolle straining at her anchor. The sun was full in his eyes.

"I dunno," pondered Aldo, drawing deep at his pipe with a luxuriant bubble —"I dunno why 'tis. Maybe next time I could find a bigger lump out there. You can't never tell."

"If you insist. . . ." In his excitement Mr. Parsons thrust his silver pencil, for the first time in his life, into the wrong pocket. "The bank's just down the street."

"Mebbe I'd have time to get it in gold pieces. . . ." Aldo paused on the stairs, struggling with an idea. "An', by the way, Mr. Parsons," he added thoughtfully over his shoulder, "I wonder if you'd mind mailin' along a copy of that newspaper pitcher to me at Savannah?"

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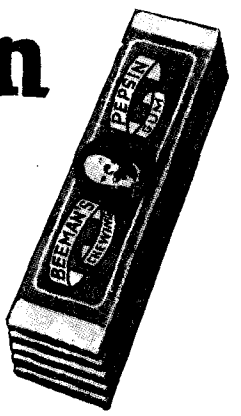

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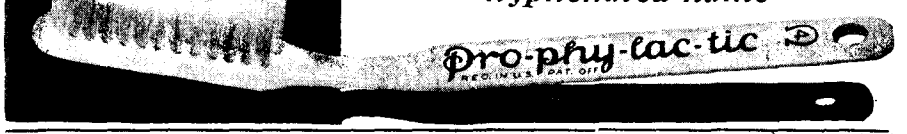

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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Americans All

WHO is your true American?

Is he only the child of the Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock or of the English adventurers who settled Virginia? Or is he the descendant of the Dutchmen who founded New York, the Swedes who established themselves in New Jersey or the Spaniards who blazed the way for all in their settlements in Florida and New Mexico?

During ten years now we have been seething with nationalistic ferment. Each according to his own vision and his own prejudices has been trying to make over America in his own image.

High and low, rich and poor, we have been struggling for the customs and ideals congenial to us and in many cases we have been attempting to make our fellow countrymen conform to our notions.

So we have had the amazing pageant of defense societies ranging from the red hunters of the Union League Club to the Ku Klux Klan and from the Daughters of the American Revolution to Mayor William Hale Thompson's "America First" band wagon at $10 a ride.

Almost every nationality which has found a refuge on these shores is endeavoring to have American history rewritten to enhance its own reputation. The melting pot for the time being seems not to be fusing the various elements but rather to be emphasizing our difference in a crucible of white heat.

The entire outburst of nationalistic exuberance is destructive and dangerous to everything essentially American.

English is our language and out of British laws and British customs is woven the pattern of our life as a nation but it is absurdly superficial to attribute to any single racial stock responsibility for what has already been achieved or to fear for the future.

America is not Britain transplanted, nor Germany, nor Ireland, nor Scandinavia, nor Italy, nor Russia but only the shortsighted are insensitive to the advantages conferred upon us by each of these lands and by emigrants from many others.

The oldest instinct of any race is to believe that they are the people and wisdom shall die with them. Every strain which calls itself American appreciates its own merits and regards less favorably the characteristics of its neighbors.

Let's not deceive ourselves. All are needed if America is to realize her inherent possibilities.

Nobody can say that one race has created a better civilization than another. Only a stupid person would say that Germany or France or Britain or Ireland or Sweden produced better men and women than any other country.

The British are good at government and the Irish are deft in politics and the Italians sing well and have a talent for painting and sculpture. The Slavs have no great reputation for tolerating differences of political opinion but they write great books and compose marvelous music. Even a peasant from Central Europe may have artistic appreciations and capacities far beyond the imagination of the most substantial American of older stock.

We can't benefit our country by despising or hating our fellow countrymen, however they may differ from us.

Irish can't successfully hate the English in the United States and the Ku Klux Klan cannot serve by preaching ill-will toward all not of old Protestant stock. Germans neither benefit themselves nor their country by keeping alive the fires of nationalistic hatred.

America has been the promised land to so many races not because we were a bit of the Old World transplanted but because we were unique in opportunity and in freedom of achievement.

We are not bound by class or hereditary distinctions. Our government makes possible tolerance of the widest divergences. Let's make use of the freedom we have inherited to build a greater nation on coöperation, good-will and mutual understanding. Thus only can we truly progress.

Equal Rights

THE National Woman's party has renewed its fight to persuade or force Congress to refer to the states a constitutional amendment providing that men and women shall have equal rights.

If the proposal applied only to equal rights to the fruits of their work, to property acquired in any legitimate manner, and legal equality in questions concerning the custody of children, the amendment would then go the whole distance with little opposition.

But removing the barrier which most states have raised against the employment of women in industry at muscle jobs calling for long hours, night work and great hazards goes so strongly against the best judgment of the average man or woman that the proposal is likely to be defeated, as it should be.

The recent finding of the British Industrial Research Board that the average woman has little more than half the physical strength of the average man is a convincing argument against throwing women to the mercy of the same class of employers who now tax young children beyond their strength.

The most serious objection to a complete equal rights amendment is the strong probability that it would be nullified in many states, as the Fifteenth Amendment, supposed to give all the rights of citizenship to Negroes, has been nullified.

Looking over the federal records of 223,507 convictions under the prohibition amendment, with sentences totaling 22,500 years and fines amounting to more than forty-two million dollars and seeing that the law is being openly violated on all sides, the people are not eager to try another test of the limits of the Constitution.

They are not going to weaken the Constitution further by using it to upset a biological law of sex inequality as old as the known history of life.

One Dog's Day

UNDER the laws of Kentucky a dog accused of killing or wounding sheep is entitled to a man's trial by jury. In a recent case at Mt. Sterling nearly all of a court day was devoted to the trial of "Kaiser Bill," a police-trained dog which was accused of killing and wounding several of the sheep of Prewitt Young.

Bill lost the case. Bill was condemned to die, but was granted the right to appeal and released to his mistress on a $300 bond.

Bill's mistress and his lawyer refused to take refuge behind a plea of insanity. They could have presented a vivid picture of Bill reverting to his primitive instincts, and they might have won for him a parole.

Bill's experience was a man's travail up to the plea itself. But then he scorned the tricky devices of man and set an example that should be graven above the bench of every court where weakling crooks renounce their minds to save their necks.

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